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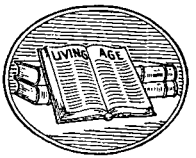
From Beginning



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Eighth Series

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THE VATICAN AND THE NEW STATES OF CENTRAL EUROPE

BY M. CHARLES LOISEAU

[M. Loiseau has long been known as a close and accurate observer of the smaller Slav States. His books *Le Balkan Slave et la Crise Autrichienne* (1898) and *L'Equilibre Adriatique* (1901) were those of a real pioneer; and his occasional articles in the *Revue de Paris* have always aroused attention. For a number of years past he has acted in a diplomatic capacity in Rome, as a link between the two different worlds of the Vatican and the French Republic, and in this connection his name was recently mentioned in the French Chamber.—EDITORIAL NOTE.]

THE collapse of Austria is a fact which the Holy See did not desire, and, indeed, rather viewed with apprehension, but which has not taken it unawares, and to which it even seems to be adapting itself until the time comes when it can congratulate itself on the event.

Obviously, the first glance at such a heap of ruin cannot be reassuring. The Church has the instincts of order, of slow evolution, of methodical beginnings; here she is faced with chaos, which has been rudely substituted for a secular order to which she had become accustomed. She must begin by forming a just estimate of the forces working through this chaos, and distinguishing the adverse from the favorable; then she must make the acquaintance of new governments, new parliaments, new phases of public opinion. The teachings of history, gathered without prejudice and accepted without regrets, will help her in this first task.

The empire which has disappeared was, whatever one may say of it, something more than a mere Catholic *façade:* let us grant that its whole style of architecture was conducive to the comfort of Catholicism. Where, in modern Europe, were institutions to be found better able to guarantee respect, security, and well-being to the clergy, or better suited, through their adaptability to the public standard of morals, for making the clergy's influence felt? All the authorities, with the sovereign at their head, made public profession of the Catholic faith; the schools were open for religious instruc-

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tion; monastic institutions flourished. And all this, at any rate until the war, had every appearance of stability — a point of great importance for Rome, and which must have led to more than one comparison with the quicksands of parliamentary democracies.

If it could stop there, the Holy See would look upon the collapse of Austria-Hungary as an almost irreparable disaster, a trial to be borne, while perhaps nursing the secret hope that the trial would only be a passing one. But the language of the Pope's letter to the Cardinal Secretary on November 8, 1918, three days before the armistice, announces a new and reassuring attitude: 'We have instructed our Nuncio at Vienna to enter into friendly relations with the various Austro-Hungarian nationalities which have recently constituted themselves into independent states. The Church, the perfect society, whose only end is the sanctification of mankind in all times and all countries, even as she adapts herself to all forms of government, can also accept without any difficulty the *legitimate* territorial and political changes of the nations.'

What the Pope did not say was that very often the Church, in accepting these changes, achieved at the same time her own liberation from half-acknowledged and painfully-borne servitudes. Such was the case in the days of the old Austria. So long as the Hapsburgs exercised absolute power, and even for some time under the illusory constitution of 1867, the Church had nothing to fear from them but the habitual inconveniences of too close an intertwining of the spiritual and the temporal, together with the excessive ransom which Vienna exacted as the price of her protection. From the days of 'Josephism,' through the Metternich period, down to the veto against Cardinal Rampolla, the scale of Austria's demands, some of which were translated into definite acts of interference or irreverence, runs a pretty wide gamut. But this was as yet merely the friction of one power against another. The 'Catholic interest,' viewed from its fundamental and purely religious aspect, did not lose much thereby.

But from the moment when the Hapsburg régime began to have to reckon with the twofold democratic and national movement, and took its stand against both of them, it became no longer a matter of indifference to the Church to be reputed as its associate. Within the monarchy as well as outside, this association was looked upon as a grievance against the Church in some cases tempered by reserves of deference and good faith, but in others with no mitigation of the exaggerations of prejudice. With a reputation of this sort she was in danger of being labeled 'retrograde,' even under the liberal and progressive pontificate of Leo XIII, and of seeing the younger generations turn from her in their impatience for justice and changed conditions. In 1914 the time was approaching when her attitude would lay her open to the reproach of complicity. She must inevitably have fallen out with someone — with the Imperial Government or with the nationalist masses. The course of events was kind in sparing her the choice.

At the same time they did away with a system of relations between Church and State which no longer adequately safeguarded the independence of the spiritual power. No doubt the Hapsburgs made no claim to Cæsaropapism, since the Cæsar of Vienna recognized the Pope in Rome, and even called himself his most dutiful son. But they governed in such a manner as to make it evident that

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Catholicism in their eyes was an *instrumentum regni*, in the service of a ruling system of which the least that can be said is that it was inspired by no moral principle whatever. Within the monarchy certain services were demanded from the clergy; they were urged into the electoral arena, or they were used, more especially in the southern provinces, to stir up the traditional rivalry between the Latin and Greek rites. Outside the monarchy the whole of Austro-Hungarian diplomacy in the Balkans rested upon the pivot of the Catholic protectorate, which coöperated in the work of sowing discord, of corruption, and of stealthy encroachment in which the numberless agents of that power were past masters. Always hostile to the establishment of direct relations between the Holy See and the Balkan States, the Viennese Government set itself — but without success — athwart the Concordat of 1886 with Montenegro, and of 1914 with Serbia. Finally, during the war, in the name of reasons of State, it did not hesitate either to claim exclusively political services from the Catholic episcopate and priesthood, or to treat those who had the courage to refuse as offenders under the common law. This practice of enrolling the forces of religious propaganda in the service of the authorities borders upon the tradition of the former Russian Empire, and if, through the lamentable end of the Romanov dynasty, Rome has gained by the disappearance of a systematically hostile power, she has, in point of fact, lost nothing more through the fall of the Hapsburgs than a doubtful, compromising, and constantly encroaching friend.

Here now we have the Holy See faced by a new map of Central Europe. Perhaps if it had depended upon her, this map would have shown less definite contours and less projecting frontiers. In the course of the various advances made by the successors of Francis Joseph to the Entente Powers, and still more during the last phases of the war, certain sympathetic tendencies toward the evolution of the Danubian Monarchy into a federal state were allowed to reach the Vatican. But what is the use now of pious wishes and retrospective plans? One must make the most of the dissolution, and, moreover, the call of the Poles, the Czecho-Slovaks, and the Jugoslavs to national life cannot be a subject of alarm to the Holy See even when it does not directly serve its interests.

The Holy See could not but welcome — and in fact does welcome — the resurrection of Poland. It is a political miracle in which perhaps only a few Popes had the merit of believing, while all the world doubted. It is a moral triumph, to be shared between Catholicism and the national principle, since the maintenance of Polish spiritual unity through all these centuries of trial would have been unthinkable without unity of faith. It is to some degree a political triumph as well. A 'Catholic' power reborn in the twentieth century is something to awaken the liberal and nationalist Catholics of 1848 from their graves and to justify the most serene assent on the part of the *curia* — little used to seeing Republics founded upon such guaranties.

Although we cannot tell as yet to what extent the new Polish institutions will be impregnated with the Catholic doctrine and tradition, we know that these will always count in the domain of morals, and that the Papacy can rely in that country upon the great mass of public opinion. It can, moreover, offer the government of Warsaw, in addition to valuable help in fighting the Ger-

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manism which is still gnawing at Posnania and the spirit of Bolshevism blowing across the eastern frontier, a most effectual and constant aid in raising the general level of culture and of popular education. In fact, the interests of Church and State not only coincide, but are actually dependent upon each other. The Catholic reorganization of Poland — the reestablishment of dioceses suppressed by the Russians, the restitution of the property confiscated by the Russian State, the Acts authorizing seminaries, monastic congregations, and denominational schools, etc.— is in itself a kind of reinstatement of the whole country in its national patrimony, and at any rate an elimination of foreign elements. It is not astonishing, therefore, that diplomatic relations have already been entered upon between Rome and Warsaw, and that they should promise to be fruitful.

The only delicate point is that the eastern borders of Poland form one of the transitional regions between Catholicism and the Eastern Church. In Lithuania, in the Ukraine, in Russia proper, the Holy See has some interests, but mainly for the future. It is important that she should not lose her hold either over those Catholics of the Latin rite who resent the attempt to identify Latinism and Polonism, or over the Uniate Catholics, a group which, after suffering the cruelest persecution from the Tsars, now remains exposed — often quite unjustly — to the antipathy of its neighbors of either rite. It is the Uniate communities, nevertheless, which for the moment are the mainstay of the footbridge which is destined, in the thoughts of Rome, to bring Western and Eastern Christianity together once more. It is to them that Benedict XV, following in the steps of Leo XIII, wished to give a special mark of favor, by dissociating all matters concerning them from the 'Propaganda,' and placing them under the new congregation '*De Ecclesiis Orientalibus*.' Moreover, the Holy See, from the moment that it declares itself determined to pursue the work of reconciliation of the Churches, will find it impossible to adopt a policy of separate compartments toward the Uniates of Galicia, of the Ukraine, of Roumania, of the East, or even toward Christians of other denominations. She holds out her hands to all, even when opposed by state interests, which would be better served by a less conciliatory attitude. Let us hope that the Polish Government, anxious to copy other models than the Austrian, will not take umbrage when the Catholic Church endeavors, perhaps, to reëstablish the Uniate diocese in the Ukraine, which had been suppressed by Tsarism, or later on, when Russia has emerged from chaos, undertakes some restoration of Catholic worship there. Moreover, these problems, which must have been one of the ultimate objects of the mission confided in 1918 to Monsignor Ratti, as Nuncio, already may have changed their aspect before entering upon the positive phase.

Frankly, no one will be tempted to say of the Czecho-Slovak Republic that it is preparing to become a 'Catholic' Power. On the contrary, it presents a finished type of the lay and neutral state, to say no more, and seems firmly resolved to submit all creeds to equality before the law. Those who are offended at this lay character may be advised to return to the practices of Catholic Austria. Within the bounds of this Bohemia — industrious, stubborn, militant, and in the main passionately patriotic, and indued by its very geographical position with the temperament of an

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outpost — State-Catholicism, in its Austrian form, could not fail to prove fatal to the 'good of religion.' It only maintained itself by superimposing from above a higher clergy of slavish and Germanizing tendencies, upon a lower clergy sprung from the people and sharing its aspirations. It provoked the national sentiment at every turn and irritated the democratic sense. It served to drive the lukewarm toward the Left and to familiarize the more energetic with the idea that the safety of the country demanded recourse to revolutionary methods. The results we see to-day — the working masses indifferent, not to say hostile, to the religious principle, especially in Bohemia proper; a 'Catholic' party, to which, out of motives of the 'Union Sacrée,' a place had been reserved during the war in the National Council, but which to-day hardly represents 10 per cent of the electorate; a divided clergy; a large number of priests who, with the taste of independence, have also acquired that of reform, and are raising the question of the abolition of celibacy. In this portion of its former dominions, the Imperial and Catholic state can flatter itself on having sown active germs of disorder.

By way of contrast even the Socialist Government of Mr. Tusar has need of order, and will, we may be sure, be wise enough to understand, on the one hand, that this is not the moment to revive old religious quarrels, and on the other, that it belongs to its programme of combating demagogy to provide the clergy as soon as possible with a hierarchical and moral setting, in harmony with the new conditions. A concordat, separating Church and State; the substitution of certain bishops who were notoriously compromised under Austria, and who stand self-condemned by having abandoned their posts; an arrangement regarding ecclesiastical property — these already form the basis of certain conversations with Rome. It is, moreover, probable that Rome will lend itself to this, for it always prefers to discuss with the governments rather than the parties. Besides, its relations with the Czecho-Slovak Republic would not merely furnish it with the means of helping the imperiled Church of Bohemia, but would offer the attraction of a useful (we had almost said an elegant) experiment. The course of contemporary history shows clearly that Rome will sooner or later have to seek contact with Socialist Governments; so much the better if it begins with this one.

Among the Jugoslavs the religious situation presents itself under a third aspect. No longer Catholic unity, as in Poland, nor Catholic crisis due to the onset of Protestantism and free thought, as in Bohemia. In the kingdom newly founded under the Karagjorgjevic dynasty the masses are religious in sentiment, and the influential classes are definitely liberal. There are three religions side by side — Catholic, Orthodox, and Mussulman. Jugoslavia may well become the type of the modern state, where the Catholic Church, seeking no privileges from the powers that be, and not enslaved, but treated with confidence and equity, will enjoy the widest spiritual independence and will even find most favorable scope for the exercise of its apostolate, outside the doctrinal frontier. Everything goes to suggest that this may be so — the preëxistence of the Serbian and Montenegrin Concordats, the spirit of the new government, the historic share of the clergy in the national movement, the tradition of Strossmayer, so dear to every Slav, and finally, the use of the Old Slavonic liturgy, by which the Papacy

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has shown its comprehension of local needs.

Formerly the juxtaposition within the bounds of a single nation of the Latin and Greco-Slav faiths might have led us to fear grave obstacles to national unity and internal peace. But the spirit of the age has happily smoothed sectarian angles, and besides, the governments of Vienna and Budapest have so abused this weapon of discord as to wear out the policy which exploited it. They have involuntarily taught reciprocal tolerance, by dint of preaching the contrary. And to-day, not merely are neither Catholics nor 'Orthodox' in Jugoslavia disposed to follow the intriguers — if such there be — who would like to set them by the ears; but they know beforehand that such intrigues can only come from their enemies and will take care not to be duped.

The Holy See is sure of finding among the Croats and Slovènes an element in the main faithful, a popular clergy, and even — a rare fact in the late Hapsburg dominions — a nucleus of Franciscan and Dominican missionaries, ready for work in the East. On its side the government of Belgrade, whose authority extends to-day from the borders of Tirol to Macedonia, knows the price of religious peace, and has every reason to maintain it, without being in the least tempted like Austria to ask of Catholicism political services. Its very desire to maintain internal balance in the state would in itself suffice to exclude this supposition.

Jugoslavia has been built partly on the ruins of the ancient kingdom of St. Stephen, in other words, of that artificial 'Millenary' Hungary, which pushed to its extreme the theory of state despotism, in the interest of a race alleged to be superior. When a Hungary reduced to her true ethnic proportions and powerless to oppress her neighbors has overcome the successive experiments of Count Károlyi, of Béla Kun, and of the Archduke Joseph, the Holy See will find, there as elsewhere, a work of Catholic restoration to pursue. More famous for its riches than for its virtues, the Magyar clergy will, let us hope, have drawn some benefit from so long and varied a test. It is identified with a nation which in its hours of good fortune has pushed arrogance and egoism to an extreme, but has shown itself pitiable in adversity; and this must be its excuse. There remains for it to seek in the true Catholic spirit the means of restoring a little morality to its country, and thus, in its turn, of collaborating in the work of justice and order.

It would not appear that the reduced Austria which is issuing from the deliberations of the Conference need offer to the Holy See special causes of anxiety; and as for the situation of the new Latin or Uniate Catholic subjects who fall to Roumania, this will probably be regulated by a concordat whose broad lines were already laid before the war. This hasty sketch may be concluded with an observation which certainly has not escaped the notice of the Roman Curia. The external unity of the old Austria-Hungary devolved upon a single agent of the Papal diplomacy, the Nuncio of Vienna, who had the responsibility of providing information and, where necessary, lines of policy for regions differing very widely in race, language, social constitution, and religious composition. Even assuming the Nunciature of Vienna to have been invariably filled by a man of genius, clear-sighted, and never employing the spectacles of the Court, the task was quite excessive, and, so far as the interests of the Church were concerned, could never be well ful-

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filled. The liquidation of the Hapsburg Monarchy provides the Holy See with the opportunity, not to say the necessity, of entering into direct contact with each state and group which is Catholic in character, and whose own special identity was hitherto overshadowed by the double-headed eagle. Immense advantages might result, and not the least of these would be that Rome, better informed as to the true needs and aspirations of the peoples of Central Europe, would henceforth exercise its spiritual authority with more security and profit alike for them and for itself.

The New Europe

THE PERSONALITY OF GABRIELE D'ANNUNZIO

BY JOHN STAPLETON

In the interminable discussion as to what constitutes the difference between Classic and Romantic — the commonplace of literary textbooks — less attention than it deserves is generally given to what one may call the political distinction. It is demonstrated that the romantic spirit is individualistic, the classic universal, that the first is introspective and subjective, the second impersonal and objective. But it is not often that an attempt is made to show the various implications of this argument — the connection between it and the further distinction that romanticism expresses itself in nationalism and finds its greatest expression at moments of national self-assertion, while the classic mind is super-national, independent of historic epochs and changes in the life of nations. And yet this is one of the most important phenomena in that common ground between art and history, literature and politics, a fact which would well repay detailed investigation by the student of history.

So solemn and academic an introduction to the subject under discussion may strike the average British observer as somewhat absurd. When he thinks of the romanticist in politics he thinks of a number of individual figures in British history, past and contemporary,— the present Prime Minister, for instance,— who have brought romantic qualities into play in their political careers. Or he recalls so evident a case as the coincidence of the Romantic Revival in this country with the struggle against Napoleon, and he remembers what a fervent nationalist spirit breathes through so many of Wordsworth's poems and of Scott's novels. But that the connection between aggressive nationalism and romanticism is anything but an isolated and occasional phenomenon will not readily occur to him. It is only when he comes to look into the history of the Latin nations that the fact will strike him with its full force. And among these modern Italy is without doubt the clearest and most remarkable instance of this. D'Annunzio is in a tradition which began with Alfieri — that Alfieri wrote classical tragedies should not mislead us; there are al-

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ways exceptions — and was continued through Leopardi and Carducci, until it came direct from the last to himself.

Until the outbreak of the war this nationalist quality in D'Annunzio's romanticism, which did not then emerge for the first time by any means, was not generally realized. One reason was to be found in the translations of his works into English. Many of us knew our D'Annunzio only by such a novel as *The Triumph of Death*, such a play as his *The Dead City*, translated into beautiful English by Mr. Arthur Symons, typifying for us an Italian poet with a great command of imagery, the language of passion and desire, a romanticism which often seemed to slide into sheer decadence. We did not recall that a strong strain of patriotism was in D'Annunzio's nature from the beginning, finding boyish expression in his 'Ode to the August Sovereign of Italy,' written when he was fifteen years of age; that many of the poems of his maturity were of an imperialistic fervor; that the tempestuous, Nietzschean spirit of self-assertion which is the beginning and end of his philosophy would find a political expression, not as in the case of the German writer, in a hatred of the state, but rather in its glorification — for such seems to be the distinction between Teutonic and Latin. The first will, as Treitschke, sacrifice the individual to the state, conceived by him as an infallible entity or, as Nietzsche, deny it recognition except as a dangerous mechanism. D'Annunzio resembled neither; for him nationalism, and imperialism, its exaggeration, were an extension of his own individuality.

Gabriele D'Annunzio has always had an intense passion for the sea; this is an essential quality of both his poetry and his nationalist philosophy. The very first poem which called attention to his talent — it was singled out by the poet Chiarini, who on its appearance wrote an article in praise of the younger man — the 'Canto Nuovo,' apostrophizes the sea as 'the glory and the strength of Italy' and thereafter D'Annunzio began to take not only an imaginative but a practical interest in Italy's naval policy. In the year 1888 he went on a cruise and, arriving at Venice, was received by the squadron of the Italian Navy which was stationed there, the officers of which showed him over the vessels and discussed details with him. The result was that, shortly afterwards, the poet, rising into fame, caused a sensation by writing a series of articles in the Rome newspaper *La Tribuna* in criticism of the Italian Government's neglect of the naval interests of the country. 'Italy will either be a great sea power or will not exist,' was the burden of his polemic, and his eloquence had a practical effect in stirring Italian public opinion to take a greater interest in its navy.

A few years later the poet's naval imperialism found expression in a work of imagination, his *Naval Odes*, which chanted the glory of the sea and of the engines of war which sailed thereon. One wonders whether the disciples of the Futurist Marinetti, who bitterly opposed the D'Annunzian romanticism and hymned the splendor of material things, can have remembered these odes. Certain it is that Romanticism and Futurism met in a fierce, self-assertive imperialism much earlier than is generally imagined. There is no difference of philosophy, whatever may be the difference in technical treatment, between the Marinettians, who sing of guns and steam hammers much as normal men — if they could acquire the Futurist technique — would sing of their ladies' eyes, and the Romanticist D'Annunzio who, in the *Naval Odes* could speak of a torpedo

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boat on the Adriatic Sea as 'beautiful as a naked sword, living, trembling, as if the steel enclosed a heart of terror.'

The manner in which the writer of those words imposed himself on the imagination of the youth of Italy is one of the most remarkable facts of the war. It is probable, in fact, that Italy's policy, in the fateful months of April and May, 1915, would have been different without the intervention of this romantic nationalist. Not for the first time was the poet to become the idol of the people, the expression of its nationalist fervor. In 1912, during the Tripolitan war against the Turk, he was not in Italy, but from France he sent numerous poems to the principal Italian papers which voiced the belief of the Italian people in its high imperial destiny. It was at this time that the poet's hatred of Austria first showed itself in all its fury. The government of the Dual Monarchy, it will be recalled, had laid its veto on any Italian action against Turkey which would involve an attack on the Dardanelles, and D'Annunzio, in an ode which is, in spite of a censorship, a long imprecation, denounced the faithless ally. Less than four years later he was to deliver his threats against the same foe and all Italian politicians who seemed unwilling to march against her. In speech after speech, poem after poem, D'Annunzio denounced the neutralists, glorified the Allies, in particular France, and prepared his followers for the beginning of a time of suffering. The influence he exerted on the populace of Rome was immense: it would have produced a revolution had the decision of the government, on May 20, 1915, been otherwise than to take the field against the hereditary enemy.

And all through the war D'Annunzio maintained his hold on the imagination of Young Italy. Though he was in his fifty-sixth year, he volunteered for the front, did heroic service in the Aviation Corps, all with a gesture and romantic theatricality which commanded the applause and wholehearted admiration of young, ardent Italians. During the war this served a useful purpose in raising and keeping at a high level the morale of the nation. But qualities which are of value on the battlefield may become hindrances in the council chamber, and D'Annunzio, as soon as the peace deliberations began, became an embarrassment. His principal indiscretion was a flaming attack on President Wilson, on account of which the Orlando Government had to take disciplinary action against him. This seeming persecution only increased his popularity with his followers, and a few months ago there was an attempt at a rising by a number of hotheads who imagined a triumphant imperialist dictatorship with D'Annunzio at the head. The attempt was soon suppressed, but anyone who studied Italian conditions and knew the psychology of the Italian nationalist movement could have prophesied renewal of activity on the part of those who call D'Annunzio their leader. The capture of Fiume, mistress of the sea the poet had so often acclaimed in flaming words, was destined to crown his work.

At first the Italian Government censorship — denounced as 'cowardly,' 'neutralist,' 'renunciatory' by the nationalist press — suppressed the accounts of D'Annunzio's exploit. Then the restrictions were removed, and the correspondent of the *Corrière della Sera*, in particular, sent a full and vividly written dispatch. It reads like a scene from an Elizabethan melodrama. We see D'Annunzio advancing to the Italian general in command who attempts to prevent the passage of his troops. The poet, with a fine gesture

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— here we inevitably recall Cyrano de Bergerac — bares his breast, the tunic over which is covered with medals for valor, and offers to die. General Pittaluga cries: 'I cannot shed Italian blood and be the cause of a fratricidal conflict. I am glad and honored to meet you, great poet and fearless soldier. I wish to see your dream fulfilled and with you I cry, "Viva Fiume Italiana!"' D'Annunzio's troops reply: 'Viva il generale Pittaluga!' and pass on.

Such is the last great gesture of Italian imperialism! Nothing of the twentieth century about it, rather of the age of the Renaissance, when imagination and dramatic gifts suited well with politics. In our day they do not, and our natural reaction to such a deed as that of D'Annunzio is sarcasm. And that, too, will probably be the reaction in Italy itself, for the day when D'Annunzio could command a large and powerful following and by reciting an ode or making a gesture overturn a government, is past. Some, remembering that politics too often are a drab and monotonous affair, will regret the fact. But most, remembering also that imperialistic politics are an affair of life and death for millions, will not be inclined at this time of day to agree. Gabriele D'Annunzio in the part of politician is certainly picturesque; he is not likely to be a lasting success.

Everyman

ITALY: A SPEECH BY SIGNOR NITTI

The government, as I have told the Chamber, has need, above all, of confidence and trust. My colleagues and I would not remain a single hour in office if we did not obtain this confidence. We have to maintain public order in the country: we have to take up again our relations abroad; we have to find credits there; how can we ask for credit if you do not give us credit and trust?

Now, therefore, I ask for a confidence and trust that shall be full and secure. I do not deceive myself and I shall not deceive you. I know all the difficulties of the present time, and when I hear all sorts of speeches and proposals, aspirations for things far off, manifestations of new desires, I ask myself if this is not madness. Italy has need of the truth; Italy must take account of her real situation. I am certain that Italy can overcome every difficulty, but on one condition — that she sees the truth, that she looks it straight in the face and is without illusions.

We have to overcome internal difficulties, difficulties abroad, difficulties of production, difficulties of exchange. It is useless to think and reason with the old ideas; it is useless to return to what is past, to events that are over and done with; we have to take the situation as it is. Any recrimination for the past is harmful; any discussion of responsibility is sterile; any controversy which divides us is fatal.

We must take up our road, follow it laboriously and painfully. We must not deceive ourselves by encouraging vain hopes which cannot in reality be realized, and are the worst source of

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anarchy in the world. I fear less professional revolutionary agitation than the raising of hopes that we shall not be able to maintain.

We must tell the people the whole truth; we must speak of the sacrifices that we are asking of them; we must tell the people that the military victory will be followed by the great civil victory of the nation; but that just as the military victory cost us sorrow and blood, so the civil victory will cost us pains and sacrifices.

Now, therefore, we must have recourse to every necessary means. We have a financial situation that my colleagues and I have foreseen: more than seventy-eight billions of debt, which amounts, indeed, to about eighty billions at this moment. That is a great debt: but it is, nevertheless, the smallest among the belligerents.

Then there is the situation we have to face: first of all, my colleagues have told you what is the situation of our shipping. We have lost more ships than any other country — more ships relatively to what we possessed. We have no exchange — that is to say, we have not exchange sufficient to buy.

Much advice and many counsels have been given to the government. It is said that we do not like freedom of commerce, that we wish to prevent many manifestations of commercial energy. But I tell you that trade means to exchange, and to exchange means to ask other countries to furnish us with the raw materials that are lacking to us, so that we may renew our production. For some years now we have taken five million men from production and we have set other men in the country to produce munitions of war; we have diminished our man power, the provisions of the country, the intensity of agrarian production. We have not enough for ourselves now to exchange, yet it is necessary to have goods to make exchange for other goods.

We are not producing these goods for exchange, and so we have need of credit. We must turn to other countries to furnish us with raw materials to renew our production. This is the propaganda that I invite you to make by every means throughout the country.

For others perhaps civil disorder is only a danger, for us it is death. Whoever in Italy raises disorder on whatever excuse, whether on the excuse of excessive nationalism, or for too lively a rejoicing, or to make a revolt; whoever raises disorder is a poisoner.

Italy has need of peace, if only because to-day internal peace is the condition of success. We cannot produce wealth if we lack internal peace; and since, in order to produce, Italy has need of raw materials, and in order to obtain raw materials she has need of credit, and in order to have credit she has need of order, Italy must have order above everything else and first of all.

Wherefore, I who am a sincere democrat and have faith in the advent of the popular classes, who see with sympathy this elevation of the people, who have the most profound faith in this new democracy, I consider myself at this moment simply as the defender of public order because order is the condition not only of progress, but of life. Italy will only live and will only renew herself if order is maintained before all.

'We have need — in order to live this year or in the immediate future — that the foreigner should accord us at least from eight to ten billions with which to purchase the raw materials that are necessary to us. We can only export in comparison with our import in the ratio of one to four or one to five.

Let us leave aside all academic con-

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siderations that are vain; the truth is that Italy finds herself in these conditions. Our Allies during the war have helped us, but some of them think that their obligations are ended with the war. To-day this is the situation: the English are anxious to bring their credits to an end; soon the American credits will cease. It is necessary that I should add — and it is well that the country should know it, and that the Assembly should understand it, in order that any mad manifestations may be avoided — that the government of the United States considers that credits, even from private sources, cannot be accorded to Italy until the political situation is cleared up.

Even this is natural, and there is nothing hostile in it. The American Federation has fulfilled with a great generosity its account with us; America has lent us money at 3½ per cent when we were lending it to ourselves at 5½ per cent and believed we were making a great sacrifice. America has been very generous with us. But she has closed her account with the war, and now it is a question of friendly acts toward us, and in order to ask for these friendly acts we must bear ourselves in a friendly manner. Wherefore I consider singularly harmful all those acts that disturb our relations of sentiment with the countries beside whom we have fought, with whom we have poured out our blood, and with whom we have conquered. I understand certain manifestations, but if any of us must sacrifice part of his sentiment the greater will be our grandeur.

I have spoken to you of the difficulties of foreign policy; difficulties from which I believe we shall yet come out very nobly; now I must speak to you of the difficulties of internal affairs.

In the past there has been much abuse of an empty phraseology. In all the assemblies it was repeated that the war was the greatest of revolutions. Well, gentlemen, these are words that should not be uttered. I am truly an enemy of revolution, being a conservator of the economic forces on which alone can repose the force and greatness of the country. I will tell you that my profound faith is that our country will come out of the war better than any other. Our country has the most powerful structure and will triumph; she is destined to be in the front line among the producing countries of Europe, but the present difficulties must be conquered.

The country is too set and intent on certain visions. If any one of the national aspirations shall not be fulfilled, some have dared to say that we shall have lost the war. Well, can you conceive anything more revolutionary than this phrase? To tell the people, to say to those who have willed and acclaimed the war, to tell those who have fought, that if any one of our aspirations shall not be achieved the war is lost, is madness.

The propaganda that we must make is to emphasize the knowledge and feeling that we have won the war. And we have won it because Italy by the war has won her position in the world. Italy had never had victory; for centuries it had never smiled on us. Now we have won it, and it is worth more to us than any wealth.

Those who have been abroad know how often they have felt ashamed at past episodes. Well, we have conquered our title of nobility, we have shown ourselves verily a people, the national soul has found itself. We have a right to the future; we are a nation.

Think, gentlemen, Italy has conquered that which few among the peoples who have fought have been able to conquer — security. We had

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need of real frontiers. No nation of Europe, not even France, has to-day the security of frontier that Italy has. Do not let us forget that Italy has reached the confines of the Vetta d'Italia that secures her, after so many centuries, from the invasions of the German tribes. Do not let us forget that we have for the first time, after many centuries of foreign domination, seen those very peoples who for so long dominated us, our prisoners. Do not let us forget that we have conquered our position treating as equals with the dominating nations of the world.

And let no one say that we have not won our war because of some episode of our foreign policy. It is necessary to tell the people these things: it is necessary to make them understand that Italy was under the continuous pressure of an ancient Empire, and that this Empire might at any time have been the death of us. That Empire is fallen: we have overthrown it. All the world must know that after the ruin of Caporetto we were alone, that it was our sons of the '99 class that saved the country, and that the aid of the Allies, cordial and friendly though it was, arrived when the breasts of our children had already stopped the enemy invasion. All the world must know and our own people must realize the splendor of our work — that we have resisted alone, that we — outside the treaties by which we ought never to have found ourselves alone against the Austro-Hungarian Empire — long found ourselves alone against Austria; that we have ruined that Empire that appeared invincible.

Let no one say, then, that we have not won our victory; let no one diffuse that poison among the people, and above all let those that willed war, that most exalted our intervention, stop making a propaganda that is destined to poison the spirit of the populace.

Gentlemen, nothing has so much saddened me as to see in certain parts of the governing classes after the war an enormous irresponsibility.

After the war there has appeared an orgy of vanity and luxury. I have found this deplored everywhere by bishops, archbishops, and the most humble classes. In the gambling houses tens of millions have been thrown away every night by wasters of whom one only wonders how they came by the money. I have closed all these gambling houses without exception.

We have need to give proof of austerity of life, and nothing is more mournful than to see the cultivated classes who have patriotic ideas waste their money. The United States of America, though it is the creditor of all Europe for hundreds of billions, has given proof of a great discipline. The President has forbidden the issuing of passports to everyone except those traveling on business, since he considers every expenditure at this time to be harmful; and I too think nothing so blameworthy as the crowd of Italians who ask for passports for journeys of pleasure. Well, I will not issue a single one of these passports. When I think that in the new provinces that we possess, when I think that on the upper Adige there are the most glorious beauties of nature, I find it reprehensible that anyone should think of traveling abroad for pleasure.

Again, we must give to the people an example of calm: we must not incite them with promises, we must not give them a bad example, but we must give them the feeling of force. We must tell them the truth. We have not told the people the whole truth; we have not told them that Italy is in danger of dying of hunger.

We must, then, reconstitute finance we must reëstablish our credit. But I

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feel sure that if Italy will but follow a rigid programme, before long, in three or four months perhaps, she will be among the first countries of Europe to have a complete financial asset. But it is necessary to reduce expenses as much as possible; it is necessary to give the country faith and assurance that credit is secure; it is necessary to assure stability of administration. Therefore, I have said I place above everything else public order. All our plans, economic and financial, will fall if public order is not maintained. We must make also a great effort to foster production, but if this effort is to be made it is necessary first of all that public order should be maintained.

Corriere della Sera

BERLIN REVISITED

THOUGH the surface life of the streets of Berlin shows little change from what it was before the war, one has only to cross the threshold of a shop or a restaurant to realize how deceptive this superficial appearance is. The new arrival from England who has expected to find here the creature comforts left behind in his own country is roughly disillusioned at his first breakfast. The hotel in which these lines are written is generally held to be the best in Berlin. Built only a few years before the war, with the object of providing wealthy Englishmen and Americans with the comforts and conveniences to which they were accustomed in their own hotels, it was equipped regardless of expense and managed with great enterprise and resourcefulness. Here, if anywhere, one would expect to find that ten months of *de facto* peace had removed the traces of the war. But that is still very far from being the case.

In the coffee room the guest finds that the exquisite damask tablecloths have disappeared, and their place been taken by a rough, unbleached fabric, which suggests coarse canvas or sacking, but is probably made of nettle fibres or one of the other 'substitutes' so widely employed in Germany for the manufacture of textiles during the past five years. But even that is luxury and sumptuosity as things go in Germany to-day. In no other public eating room — and my experience embraces the finest restaurants of Berlin and Cologne — have I yet seen a tablecloth which was not made of paper. This, too, is the universal material for table napkins and for the hand towels in hotel and restaurant lavatories. 'Tea or coffee?' asks the waiter. You inquire if milk is to be had. No, there is no milk. Not even condensed? No, not even that. And it is a fact that I have been a fortnight in Germany without once seeing fresh milk. Almost every other foodstuff can be had at a price by way of contraband trade, but milk lends itself very badly to the slow and roundabout processes by which the law is evaded, and the control by which it is reserved for the young, the old, and the invalid seems to be efficiently exercised. It is said that milk can actually be procured with regularity by subterranean channels, but a close knowledge of local conditions is evidently needed to obtain it in this way.

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Having reconciled yourself to the deprivation of milk, you try your luck with butter. No, there is no butter, not even margarine. Here, however, you must not hasten to generalize. There are restaurants in Berlin where excellent butter is served without coupons, hesitations, or restrictions. But, once again, at a price, and such restaurants are certainly a small minority. The price of this contraband butter to the ordinary householder in his own home varies from twenty to twenty-five marks a pound. As a substitute for butter, your hotel offers you an uninviting-looking substance which goes by the name of jam. This accessory of the table seems to have been standardized throughout Germany. Alike in private houses and public restaurants, both here and at Cologne, I have found it identical in appearance, consistency, and taste. Its color is a dull and unhealthy purple. A considerable element of fibrous and gritty matter alone suggests its indubitable organic origin. Otherwise it might well be yet another of the marvelous products of the German laboratory. Its taste is quite and entirely its own, and is only not exceedingly disagreeable because it is not particularly pronounced. The only profitable purpose which this 'jam' can serve is to act as a lubricant. Those whose salivary glands are in good working order will gladly dispense with its assistance. Having tasted the 'jam' you breakfast off a couple of eggs and the same number of dry rolls. The latter differ from their predecessors of the pre-war period only in size, which is about half what it used to be. They are made of American flour, and, in consequence of the cost of that commodity, are still a luxury for the well-to-do. They are not yet obtainable in the shops, where they formerly cost a halfpenny each, but are to be had in a few restaurants, where their price is from ninepence to one shilling. For the present, the great bulk of the population must satisfy itself with the black bread, which is a good deal darker and stickier than it used to be. Black bread is rationed, but this year's harvest and the importation of food have made it more accessible, and many shopkeepers now willingly supply larger amounts than are indicated on the coupons.

Your modest breakfast costs you ten marks. The pre-war cost of its raw materials in the shops would have been fourpence or fivepence at the outside. And here it may be as well to point out that the devaluation of the mark in international dealings means no relief to the German at home. For the Englishman drawing his income in sterling Germany is at present, on the whole, a cheaper place to live in than his own country, for he has received for his pound, instead of the old twenty marks of the normal exchange, eighty, ninety, one hundred, one hundred and ten, or even more. That means that he must divide German prices by four, five, or six, according to the rate at which he has changed his sterling, before he can know what has been the actual cost to him of an article purchased. But the German can console himself with no such calculation. To him the mark is what a shilling is to us, just as it was before the war. And even if his income has been doubled or trebled, he finds himself very much worse off than he was formerly when he has to pay fivefold, sixfold, and, in not a few cases, tenfold the prices to which he had accustomed himself.

During the years of my former residence here one could lunch or dine well and with elegance for four or five marks, and that sum might include half a bottle of unpretentious wine and coffee. Now a decent meal can hardly

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be had under twenty marks. The consumption of meat in restaurants is limited by the rationing, and this, of course, has correspondingly increased the demand for coupon-free dishes, such as fish and poultry. Prices vary, of course, but depend more upon the quantity served than upon the character of the restaurant. At a popular restaurant a small portion of the cheapest fish can be had for three and a half marks, but at one establishment patronized chiefly by the middle classes I had to pay fifteen for a modest halibut steak. Chicken may be put at ten to fifteen, goose at fifteen to twenty marks a portion. Half a partridge will cost you eight or ten. As I have not yet had time to fit myself out with ration cards, my experience of meat dishes has been confined to those places where profits correspond with the pecuniary risks of infraction of the regulations. It includes a small but excellent veal steak at ten marks, hash of fresh mutton at twelve, and roast pork at eighteen. The range of sweets is extraordinarily limited, and their character must generally be regarded as suspect. Their prices vary from about one and a half to five marks.

A noteworthy innovation in all restaurants, cafés, and hotels is that, as a result of the waiters' strike, tipping has been 'abolished.' All waiters now receive fixed wages, and to reimburse their employers an addition of ten per cent is made to the bill. In a few cases this ten per cent is included in the individual prices, but as a rule it is added to the total. Most of the menus draw special and emphatic attention to this reform. Usually it is a curt notice, with the intimation that waiters accepting tips will be instantly dismissed. Sometimes reference is made to the 'ethical aspirations' of the waiters, which have been satisfied by the payment of fixed salaries. But it does not take the diner-out long to discover that his interests are served by the proffer of a small gratuity, and I have not yet met a case in which either the threat of instant dismissal or the cultivation of ethical aspirations has for a moment stood in the way of its acceptance.

Coming from the solid abundance of England, one soon notices the effects on one's system of the present German dietary. The satisfaction of a meal seldom lasts long, and one soon feels hungry again. The lack of fatty foods is probably mainly responsible for this, but the insubstantial quality of incidental restaurant dishes no doubt has something to do with it. German cooks have discovered how to give a very small quantity of real solid food the appearance of being a great deal, and even during the process of eating to make it do the work of a great deal. He who is dependent upon them for his nourishment will probably be wise if he does not attempt to probe too deeply into their secrets.

Since the big Allied commission arrived a few British privates have been visible on the streets of Berlin. They generally hunt in couples, which is natural, for their position is a disagreeable and a lonely one. The German hotheads have too much discretion to insult our officers, for that would mean public scandal and international incidents, so they give vent to their feelings and satisfy their mortified patriotism by half-audible jeers in the English language as our rankers pass. Our men can afford to reply with a smile, since they know that so far as the war is concerned their laughter is the last, and consequently the best. But the German heads that are still hot over the war are very few, and the most galling symbol of their humiliation is needed to make them betray themselves.

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The rest of the population speaks of the war — and almost appears to think of it — as an event with a merely historical interest. Popular feeling seems to have been almost completely switched off the foreign conflict and on to the domestic one. After all, the foreign conflict is dead, if not done with, while the domestic one is still only working up to the point of supreme crisis. That is why the average German waxes much warmer against the Spartacists or the Monarchists than against France or Great Britain, and reserves his most vigorous expletives for Erzberger or Noske rather than for Lloyd George or Clemenceau.

All the same one cannot help feeling surprised at finding so little trace of the sedulously cultivated hate which was the German's spiritual ammunition in the war. I expected to find much more, and if it had existed should, therefore, probably have found it. But so far, though I have spoken English freely in trams, trains, theatres, restaurants, and other public places, I have never yet seen anything that suggested black looks, or, indeed, more than the vacant curiosity which a foreign language generally arouses in those not accustomed to the sound of it. My work has necessarily brought me into contact with people of all classes of society, and in no case have I had the feeling that my presence lacerated a fresh wound or revived poignant memories. Nor can it be said that the general attitude is one of licking the hand that has held the whip. It is only that the Germans, instead of being ruder than before, are, if anything, not quite so rude. On the whole, we are distinctly favored in comparison with the French. At Cologne I found that the British occupation was regarded by the masses as a definite blessing, and that the possibility of the French taking ou place there aroused feelings of horrified alarm. Similarly, there seems to be general consensus of opinion here that German prisoners were much better treated in England than in France, and that our peace conditions have been less harassing and burdensome than those of our chief ally. At the same time most Germans admit that this difference is easily explainable by the hideous sacrifices and devastation which have been the main cost of the war to France.

But all this is discussed with comparative moderation and coolness. It is only when the Germans begin to talk about one another that their bitterness boils over. And here it is exceedingly difficult to decide in what direction the definite current of national feeling, if one really exists, is at present running. In the old days the Berlin cabman used to be considered the best index of the feelings of the fluid vote, that is to say, of that section of electorate which has no fixed political determination, and changes its party adhesion under the influence of passing events. I have spoken to many of these men, both young and old, and the only opinion in which they all agreed was that there has been too much revolution. One of them was quite satisfied that Germany had lost the war, as that was the only way to get rid of the people in high places, all of whom, he said, were 'thieves.' When asked whether this applied to Bethmann-Hollweg, he promptly replied that it did, and to Ludendorff and Hindenburg as well. All the same, he was emphatically of the opinion that 'there was no longer any order in the country.' Another cabby thought the war would have been won by Germany 'if the officers had eaten out of the same dish as the soldiers'; but though, so far as

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my knowledge goes, this ideal has even yet not been realized, he still sighed for more order. A third was frankly reactionary. 'For all I care,' he said, 'we can go back to the old state of things.' 'Then freedom means nothing to you?' I asked. 'Freedom!' he replied, contemptuously; 'this is not freedom. This is disorder.' And yet, as has been seen, there is at present very little sign of this disorder on the face of Berlin life.

When you go to the organized worker you hear a very different tale. There you are assured that, so far from there having been too much revolution, there has not been any. For these men, the real revolution, which is going to bring the prompt socialization or nationalization of all the big industries, still lies in the future, and, from my own inquiries, I should say that a great deal of energy and enthusiasm is at work below the surface to realize this aim. Numerical illustrations of this are not easily accessible, but the independent Socialists, who are the incorporation of the movement, claim to have a membership of 750,000. Exactly what is the character of this membership is not explained, but that of the entire Socialistic party before the war, at a time when it polled between 30 and 40 per cent of the total vote at the general elections, was only slightly over the million. At the same time, though the Independents want more revolution, and advocate searching inquiry and drastic punishment for the heads of the old régime who led Germany to disaster, their present tendency seems to be in the direction of 'Parliamentary' action rather than of street barricades and fortified newspaper offices.

On the other wing, pent-up feelings have found relief in a wild burst of anti-semitism. This movement is being vigorously and cleverly engineered by the Monarchists to work on popular prejudices. A large part of the industry, and a still larger of the commerce, of Germany was always in Jewish hands, and consequently a considerable proportion of the 'war gainers,' who, thanks to large profits and contraband trade, have been able to get through the last five years without denying themselves anything, is of semitic race. Now the 'war gainers' and the 'stealth traders' are the two most hated classes of the population, and it is not a difficult matter, with public opinion in its present unstable and rather flighty condition, to identify them with Judaism. To this must be added the large percentage of Jews among the Socialistic, and especially among the Bolshevist leaders, and the ground is ready for a very flourishing anti-semitic agitation. That agitation is now in full swing, and finds its expression in numerous public meetings, in pamphlets which are distributed by tens of thousands, and in newspapers that are forced upon the public attention with a zeal and a pertinacity never maintained by mere commercial enterprise.

From my own observations and knowledge of Germany, I am inclined to be very skeptical toward the stories and rumors which associate the Junker and the Prussian officers' caste with the aims and the plans of Bolshevism. The old Imperial Government undoubtedly entangled itself deeply with Bolshevism, but only because it was between the devil and the deep sea, and had to choose one of them. Apparently, its attitude was that when you ally yourself with the devil he is more likely to carry out his share of the bond if you treat him with politeness. But the Junker and the Prussian militarists are in the deep sea, and even if they thought

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there was any chance of the devil helping them out of it — which they don't — they are much too afraid of him to seek his assistance in any form. It may not be a gratifying thought, but it is probably true, that our chief and real enemies in the late war are at present one of the strongest barriers to the westward sweep of Bolshevism. They will fight it to the death, because it threatens with utter destruction the little that the war has left over to them. Theirs are the next mansions to be sacked and plundered; theirs the next families to be chased from their homes in the night penniless and roofless; theirs the next estates to be divided up among a hungry proletariat. Reaction in this country has to fight to retain what it still has before it can hope to fight to recover what it has lost, and in its inmost heart it is certainly more concerned with the threat of Bolshevism than with the dim hope of restoring monarchies and whittling down franchises.

It is said that practically the entire officers' corps of the old German army is organized for street fighting, and would turn out armed the moment the Spartacists made another attempt to get Berlin into their hands. Indeed, I have been told that the disorders here earlier in the year were mainly suppressed by officers fighting as rankers, the men having proved quite untrustworthy in that kind of civil war. It is conceivable that a time might come when a very little Prussian militarism might seem preferable to a great deal of Russian Bolshevism, and might be the only alternative to it.

The Daily Telegraph

A SORCERER OF THE PAST, CAGLIOSTRO

BY GEORGES LENOTRE

It is, indeed, regrettable that the days of sorcerers, enchanters, magicians, alchemists, wonder-workers, and other mountebanks of the grand style have passed away; for their amiable meddling with the more practical pursuits of life was once sufficient to change the eternal claptrap of social and political dissensions into material for a romance. If the history of the reign of Louis XVI is not quite without interest, it is because it owes much to Cagliostro, a precious person whose mysterious figure dominated the last hours of the French monarchy, the precursor, the avenger of oppressed peoples, the overthrower of thrones, who holds up the alembics whose distilled lightning is to strike the old world and bring about the dawn of universal regeneration.

Do you not remember? Nothing is more attractive than the odyssey of this symbolic and unreal personage who seems to be of no age, who comes no one knows whence, and declares himself immortal. All that is known of his past is that he was born many years before, centuries, 'perhaps in the middle of the Red Sea,' and that he

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was brought up in 'the shadow of the great pyramid of Egypt.' He has for a companion an ethereal creature sweetly called Serafina; so beautiful, so pure, so detached from humanity is she that the dead willingly consent to talk with her. He creates gold with discretion, with a few magic phrases he 'fattens' diamonds and makes them as large as a hen's egg. He goes hither and thither over Europe, acclaimed by the great cities, not as sovereign, which means little, but as a kind of divine savior. He heals the sick, consoles the afflicted, gives advice to financiers, predicts the future, and exhibits a carafe in which the gazer may see what of sorrow or joy life holds in store for him. He visits Naples, St. Petersburg, London, Warsaw. One day, in the suburbs of Frankfurt, he finds in a subterranean hiding place, a parchment four hundred years old, a document on which his name is traced in letters of blood, and by virtue of which the persecuted order of the Templars bequeath him their vengeance! Directed by this document to destroy all absolute monarchies beginning with that of France, Cagliostro comes hither, stops at Strasbourg, settle in Paris, traveling ever with a mystical passport bearing the letters L.P.D., which signify *lilia pedibus destrue*, 'crush the lilies of France.' Behold his threatening motto and his programme of destiny. He takes by storm the noble and illustrious ladies whom he invites to dine with the spirits of the great dead. The lovely Serafina is always at hand; invitations are scrambled for; the grand almoner of France, a Cardinal de Rohan, is one of the faithful, and when the Grand Cophtha (for such is Cagliostro's title as chief of the world's illuminati) has prepared the way, he strikes his terrible blow,—the affair of the Queen's Necklace,—a blow from which the clergy and the monarchy of old France will never recover but will die from eight years afterwards.

Surely the legend is a fine one, and its contemporaries must have had more pleasure out of following up its minor details than we have in watching strikes. Alas, time destroys all things. To-day it is our fate to learn that our ancestors were duped, and that the divine Cagliostro, hero of anecdotes, melodramas, operettas, and novels in twenty volumes, was only a poor wretch with neither talent nor genius, who had a hard time to make his living, received more affronts than salutations, and being neither brave nor adventurous, showed himself very little desirous of compromising or destroying anything whatsoever.

The unveiling of the legend has come in a roundabout way. The austere Baron Ramond, naturalist, explorer of the Alps and the Pyrenees, began life as the secretary of the Cardinal de Rohan, Bishop of Strasbourg, and Chatelain of Saverne. The Cardinal lent the youth to his guest, Cagliostro, who employed him in his laboratory, and the intelligent and observing Ramond thus penetrated all the secrets of the illustrious sorcerer. He jotted down carefully in a notebook the various matters which came to his attention, probably because he realized that posterity would be curious for just such information, but when he arrived at academic honors, he decided that his reputation would suffer were it known that he began his career under the wing of the 'Grand Cophtha,' and, therefore, he maintained a prudent silence concerning the Cagliostro period. Even when Droz, his colleague at the Institute, while preparing his *History of Louis XVI*, attempted to question him concerning the mysteries of the magic carafe and the ghost dinner, Ramond resolutely

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refused to utter a word. As for his journal, he was thoroughly persuaded that it had been destroyed by the Cossacks during the invasion of 1814.

In this, however, he was much mistaken. He had simply lost the notes at Clermont where they were found by his grandson a few years ago. M. Jacques Reboul published the more important passages in the *Temps*, in 1912. And now a scholar, at work on a series of picturesque studies of the Pyrenees, discovers the explorer and geologist Ramond, and then to the great joy of his readers, goes on to give us Ramond's own picture of the wonder-worker, a really finished picture, quite unlike the legendary one.*

What a downfall! Gone is the birth in the middle of the Red Sea, and the education in the shadow of the great pyramid. We are in the presence of a very shady personage, of a kind of good-for-nothing, whose youth was that of a bully and whose knowledge that of a clumsy charlatan. Born at Palermo in 1743, he soon reveals himself as a lazy rascal; he becomes successively an apprentice apothecary in a convent (whence his odds and ends of chemistry), a draughtsman, an attendant to a fencing master, and a student of prestidigitation whose first exploit is the swindling of a jeweler out of sixty crowns. At Rome, to which he flies for refuge after this exploit, he marries, in 1768, a founder's daughter, Laurenza Feliciani, who can neither read nor write,— the divine Serafina, she,— and he wanders into the world in search of protectors for his treasure. The first to become entangled is the viceroy of Barcelona. Then, at Madrid, an attempt is made to net the Duke of Alva, then a rich Sicilian. In London, they are the guests of a rich milord for four months; finally, arriving in France, they become acquainted with a certain M. Duplessis, intendant of the Marquis de Prie, who carries Madame de Cagliostro to Paris in his coach, and leaves her husband to follow on a post horse.

Two or three years later, one finds him in England again, giving himself out as a Colonel in the service of His Majesty the King of Prussia. He has been studying his tricks, and his finest feat consists in taking a paper of signatures, burning it, and then returning it to the audience, a childish performance which may be seen to-day at any county fair. He pretends to 'fatten' diamonds, but his first trial is hardly a success; a Lady Fry confides to him a collar of little brilliants, which not only do not increase in size but also disappear in the crucible, and have to be found again in the enchanter's baggage. This is followed by trial and imprisonment. Rendered prudent by these disasters, the Prussian Colonel limits himself to foretelling winning numbers in lotteries.

He goes to Amsterdam, to Brussels, settles at St. Petersburg, where he is metamorphosed into a Spanish Colonel. The clever rascal has found out that there is no need of taking precautions with gulls, and from a simple conjurer he rises to the dignity of 'one sent by God.' This scheme works sometimes: he has disciples and admirers — detractors, too; he is applauded and hooted, and gets out of the scrape with great aplomb. At St. Petersburg, the Empress's physician having called him a charlatan, he proposes to that jealous rival 'a dual with poison.' He is expelled from the city. At Warsaw he makes a brief sensation, then goes on to Frankfurt, and from that point on his passport is stamped with the terrible letters, L.D.P., which were simply the *visa* of an overworked clerk, and meant *Liberté de passer*.

* *Ramond de Carbonnières*. By Henri Béraldi. One volume.

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At Strasbourg he has great success. The Cardinal de Rohan, who holds sway in that capital of Alsace, is the most credulous and easily influenced of men; he receives Cagliostro and presents him to his court. Some persons think that His Eminence's new follower has 'a beautiful inspired face,' others that 'his face is that of an ignoble upstart.' It is to be noted that the 'immense wealth' of the maker of gold amounts to little, as he pays ten francs a day at the inn for himself, his wife, and his servants.

It is at this inn that he performs the experiment of the carafe: a jar of pure water is placed on a table: in front of the table they put a child of just seven years — neither more nor less; behind the child a screen; on the other side of the screen the operator; there a few lighted torches and a conjuring book. Through the screen Cagliostro questions the youngster as to what is happening in the carafe, and he interprets the replies for the witnesses, who are spellbound with admiration and dumb with amazement. That 's the whole story.

The Cardinal is delighted beyond words with this trick; moreover, Madame de Cagliostro's refined and indifferent beauty has impressed him. He takes her to Paris, and the husband goes along. It is just at the time when Madame de LaMotte, an adventuress short of cash, has conceived the fantastic plan in which the reputation of the Queen of France was near being shipwrecked. When Cagliostro takes up his abode — very modestly — on Rue Saint-Claude, the whole scheme has been carried out: the necklace has been stolen and taken to pieces, the Queen is compromised, the Cardinal has been made a fool of, the jewelers are fleeced. There is no rôle left for the Grand Cophtha to play, and he does not meddle with it. He even tries to put the Cardinal on his guard. 'It is all settled,' the latter replies. 'In that case it 's not worth while to talk to me about it,' retorts Cagliostro. Nothing more. Unfortunately, the magic carafe had indiscreetly revealed to the Cardinal the Queen's tender feeling for him, and Cagliostro was taken to the Bastille. In his rooms were found no gold ingots, no jewels, no secrets of alchemy; only a receipt for beef stew.

Cagliostro's stay in Paris lasted only six months, including the period of detention. He was expelled from the city, and was imprudent enough to take refuge in Rome, where he underwent the extraordinary fate of being executed by the Free Masons as an impostor, whereas the Inquisition sentenced him to life-imprisonment as a Free Mason.

Such are the disillusionments that history affords us. Luckily, Dumas remains: there will always be millions of Frenchmen who believe, on the strength of the great story-teller's mesmerizing statements, that Cagliostro planned the whole revolution and showed to the terror-stricken Marie Antoinette the guillotine in his carafe.

Le Temps

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CARMEL IN PALESTINE

BY EDWARD J. THOMPSON

THE extent to which Palestine has been denuded of its forests has been so frequently emphasized that many have ceased to realize it. Hardly a writer on the land but has set this fact forth, till men have scarcely cared to believe. No jest was commoner with the men of our Egyptian Expeditionary Force than the one about the place of their campaigning being 'a land of milk and honey.' Yet, as the tide of success carried us northward, and out of the miserable desert-plains, we began to see, with wonder, how many features of natural beauty still remained; and few can have got into Galilee and Lebanon without finding that they had learned to love a country so richly and variously attractive. One thing is very certain, no man who came to Palestine from Mesopotamia was ever heard to utter any word of criticism. And, even now, glimpses and patches remain of the old exquisite woodland. 'Gad, but this is pretty country, this is,' said a brigadier in my hearing as we came in sight of the approaches to Haifa; 'I'd like to go over it with a gun.' I have no doubt that he shortly did so.

The great coast forests, through which the Crusaders came, have gone. I have read that considerable remains of the oak forest of Arsuf lasted up to the war, and it is likely enough, for all those slopes are full of stumps recently cut down. The hills which run up into the country's heart, through Samaria and by Nablus, have the appearance of a half-shaven sheep's back, so cleanly and utterly have the trees been cut away almost to the crest. Sir George Adam Smith speaks of riding over the ridges of Gilead, 'where the oak branches rustled and their shadows swung to and fro over the cool paths.' He did what no living man will ever do again. Coppice remains in Gilead, but hardly a tree; the woods went to feed the Maan Railway. Lebanon is stripped, and Anti-Lebanon, and it is only in some of the western valleys that thickets of ilex and myrtle and carob remind us that it was here that Adonis died and Kypris ran wailing, that it was here that the young world's imagination wandered. Syrian coppice is perhaps the loveliest on earth. But the Syrian prefers to make a sheer sweep of it, that he may then terrace up the hillside, for vineyards.

But Tabor remains, and Carmel. The Turkish axes have been busy on both, yet both remain, lovelier than description can convey. I went into the heart of Carmel early in April of this year. I have seen many lands, and know the forests of Burma and the Himalayas; but I can truthfully say that I have seen nothing more exquisite in beauty than April on Carmel. I had seen it a month earlier, in its first burst of wild lilies, when the Austrian Hospice had bowls filled with great, velvet, all-but-black irises, and the slopes were lit with yellow asphodeline. It was glorious in Esdraelon, then, at Carmel's foot, with anemones, white, blue, and scarlet, and with the small gold iris. But in April the spring had ripened. For a dozen miles I went on, till I reached the traditional scene of Elijah's contest with the priests of Baal. Carmel's long summit, a plateau with rugged edges, glens dipping down to sea or Kishon and wooded still, was one face of flowers. The Mediterranean front had been ruined, before the war, by the German colony of Haifa; for the native woodland they had planted eucalyptus and pines. And among these pines were our G.H.Q. huts. We were making a second Kantara here, cutting down the pines, to make way for long wooden sheds.

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When the work of devastation had gone moderately far, plans were changed, and it was decided to make Carmel the summer home not of G.H.Q. but of Corps. It matters little. The Muses are unrepresented on either, and the wood-gods get short shrift from both. Corps or G.H.Q. — they recognize that it is 'pretty country,' good to go over with a gun.

So I struck inland. The copse had been slashed and broken up, but the flowery carpet remained. There were miles of cistus, both white and pink, a shrubbery in themselves, rough, dwarf bushes, covered with multitudes of daintiest blossoms. From the clefts hollyhocks sprang, and cyclamen not yet finished flowering. Where cornfields had usurped the forest's place, the yellow marigold and gladiolus grew. Both of these are 'of the cornfields' (*Chrysanthemum segetum* and *Gladiolus segetum*). Under the rock-roses crept their tiny kinsflower, the sun-rose (*Helianthemum*). Blue cornflowers were everywhere. Lilies were over, except for gladiolus, garlics, and ornithogalum; but red ranunculus was out, following on the heels of red anemone, which had reigned during March. Marguerites, and those most ubiquitous of Palestine wild flowers, pink flax and cream-colored scabious, were in their prime. Other flowers that I noticed were bur-marigold, pink campion, campanulas of several sorts, including one tall enough and with bells enough to be a wand for Silenus, the silvan deities' jester; buplevrum, negella, knapweeds, thyme — carpets of thyme — thistles, pink bindweed, poppy, adonis ('tears of Christ'), yellow saxifrage, white clover, dwarf yellow trefoil. But the copse was Carmel's greatest glory. A stray pine had seeded itself here and there, from those abominable Teuton groves. But the copse, where the axe of war had spared it, kept its fresh, native sweetness. Styrax, a very showy plant, was in flower, hung with white tassels; arbutus, wild bay (*Laurus nobilis*), and holmoak (*Quercus pseudo-coccifera*) were all blossoming. These, with hawthorn, no longer in flower, butcher's broom, terebinth, and carob, made up the thicket, a thicket, as I have said, lovelier to my mind than great forests of magnificent trees. Cistus filled up the interstices and made a purfled fringe; red-berried burnet and coarse, pungent lentisk added a rough jungle of their own. Two sorts of broom, both flowering, were in places — *Genista sphacelata* and *Calycotome villosa*. Blue salvia is almost a shrub, and this was abundant; and *thymelæa* (which looks somewhat like young box) is certainly one, but this was rare. By El-Moukraqa — the place of Elijah's sacrifice — the wildest part of all this lovely region, I found a cephalanthera in the arbutus thicket, tall, waxen spikes of virginal whiteness.

There is only one village on Carmel, where Druses live. I visited them on my way back, and they told me of the devastation which the Turks had made. Formerly Carmel had abounded with wild animals. But now the leopards had fled, all but two or three still haunting the glens leading down to Kishon; and the roe-deer were almost extinct.

And now for my plea for Carmel. Remember how famous and dear this land is, and once how beautiful. Yet even in this land 'the excellency of Carmel' stood out, a crown and dream of loveliness. Though he hid in Carmel, where the forest grew as thickly as hairs on a head, God would pluck him thence, said the prophet. And though during the centuries spoilers have ravished the land's beauty, still Carmel has kept much of its woodland. Especially toward the south, in the foothills behind Zummorin, and in the

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deep glens, the copse has survived. This is the most southerly home of the roe-deer, in Palestine lingering here only and in Northern Galilee. The hunting-leopard, a graceful creature which does not harm man, is not yet extinct. No country has a more fascinating fauna than the Holy Land. Yet one fears that, after six months' peace occupation by the British Army, the new *Fauna of Palestine* will be like the famous chapter on *Snakes in Iceland*. A new edition of Tristram's book is overdue. Since the war a lynx new to science has been found in the Jordan Valley. Almost every page of *Tristram* has to be modified. Whoever undertakes the task of writing the new *Fauna* will find how greatly, in how short a time, our army has simplified his work. Yet surely Carmel and Tabor might be saved, especially Carmel. From Carmel the pilgrim looks down to Homer's 'wine-dark sea,' and on the story of countless centuries. There is still the old high place, muffled in with ilex and knee-holly; to the north is 'that ancient river, the river Kishon,' running past the Mound where tradition says the priests of Baal died, through pool and lagoon, to the sea. Beyond Kishon, Acre looms; and, over Acre's shoulder, in winter the snowy head of Hermon, John's 'great white throne,' high in heaven, looking out toward the sunsets on Patmos. To the south, Athlit, the 'Castella peregrinorum' of the Crusaders, stands on its promontory. There is the Plain of Sharon. And here to the northeast is Esdraelon, where Sisera fled and good King Josiah died; and, above it, is the sickle-sweep of Gilboa, where Saul and Jonathan perished. And, against Gilboa, there is Tabor; and there is Nazareth. Nay, but for its own sake alone Carmel should be saved. The seaward front is doomed. But let there be no roads made into its heart, where paths suffice. Let the cog-railway, now being run up to its summit, stop at the crest. Above all, let all the miscellaneous Levantine crowd, soulless and sordid, who collect round British quarters, be kept from building on Carmel. Let it be held as a sanctuary, where the wild life of Palestine can find shelter, and men after us can know it. So will men's minds be able to live over again that crowded drama which these heights saw, when Elijah strove with a people 'halting on the threshold'; and they will understand why even Vespasian, on his way to stamp out Jewry, halted to consult the oracle of the God Carmel. Otherwise the excellency which has survived Roman and Saracen, and, in considerable measure, even Turk and Teuton, will perish in our hands; and Carmel will be merely a fashionable residential quarter, a second Malabar Hill to the second Bombay which we are building at Haifa. The interests which would ruin Carmel are very powerful; and it will soon be too late to save it.

The Spectaor

THE CORRESPONDENCE OF JEMIMA WYNN

BY LOUIS GOLDING

JEMIMA WYNN lived in the parlor, for a weekly consideration of three shillings. She came to live in the parlor some years ago, declaring that her name was Jemima Bloggs, but seeing as she and John was soon going to be married she might as well be Wynn straightways, to be prepared like. Jemima Wynn (strictly Bloggs) went out and did washing and came in each evening with a face like a soap-sud. I remember a letter arriving for Jemima during the first week of her residence, a letter which bore a Spanish stamp and was addressed in an uncouth but

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masculine hand. It awaited her on the kitchen mantelpiece.

'A letter for you, Jemima!' we said.

'Lawks amussy!' she exclaimed rapturously tearing open the envelope. 'He 's a comin' of! He's a comin' of!' she chanted.

'Who 's coming?' we asked inquisitively.

'Wynn!' Hugging her letter, she swayed toward the parlor. For the next week her face was a radiance. During the week after and the following week a mist began slightly to obscure her helial content. Each evening as she came into the kitchen she lifted her eyes toward the mantelpiece.

'Letter for Jemima?' she inquired.

There was no second letter for Jemima.

'Rum bloke, Wynn!' Her face fell. She moved less alertly to her room. The months went by, but no evening did she forget to inquire 'Letter for Jemima?' Her eyes moved mechanically to the mantelpiece and dropped again emptily. 'Rum bloke, Wynn!' she murmured. Then the utterance of the name seemed to cause her a dismay and to dim her eyes curiously, so that the word no more crossed her lips.

A year passed. The postman came rarely enough, but never for Jemima. She was still a maiden lady with a married name. Not a whisper was heard of Wynn. She did her washing with a mechanical efficiency, but the lyric delight once occasioned in her by a bed-sheet or a blouse seemed to have passed away.

One morning the postman astonished us with a letter for Jemima. It bore an English stamp and the postmark, in fact, was of our own town. The handwriting was again uncouth, but the bold, virile lines we remembered on her first letter were wholly absent.

She came in that evening and asked her automatic question, 'Letter for Jemima?'

'Yes, Jemima!' we said; 'look at the mantelpiece!' She gave a start, blushed, and pugnaciously retreated with the letter from the kitchen. The next evening another letter arrived for Jemima. Another followed in a few weeks. All the envelopes were addressed in the same handwriting, but they were letters, anyhow. Never a week passed without the arrival of at least three letters for Jemima.

I remember that one evening a patron gave me the munificent sum of threepence. I repaired forthwith to the nearest stationer to extend my acquaintance with a gentleman burglar of much refinement. I found, somewhat to my surprise, Jemima completing a purchase. On seeing me enter she turned her face away and pretended that she was someone else, and then went to the door with a half-concealing shuffle.

'What 's she been buying? I know her!' I said.

'Writing-paper and henvelopes, Mr. Want-to-know!' the stationer replied. The letters for Jemima did not slacken. At no time did she drop a word about their contents. The attitude she adopted in the matter of her correspondence was a peculiar mixture of the bellicose and mysterious. Each evening after her supper was over we heard the parlor door and the front door open and close. She was only out for a few minutes. I forget what accident brought me to the main road one evening, and to that corner where the nearest pillar-box to our house stood. I could have sworn that Jemima dropped something into the box and withdrew like a timid shadow.

The chain of evidence was almost complete, but it was strictly circumstantial still. The absent link was pro-

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vided by Annie's autograph album. Annie was in the first flush of the disease. An unfortunate birthday had provided her with the album, and she was possessed with a mania to leave no empty page. She canvassed pertinaciously the highest and the lowest in the land. She sent a letter of condolence to a bereaved monarch and triumphantly inserted the secretary's typed and curt acknowledgment. Mr. Martin Harvey did not withhold his signature. And I convinced her that without Jemima her hierarchy was woefully incomplete. Jemima was immensely flattered. The most cursory comparison between the signature in Annie's album and the script on the letters was sufficient to identify the writers.

The suspicion had, of course, long been in the air, but it was now crystallized into certainty. Not for one moment did it occur to any of us that we should reveal to Jemima our knowledge of her pathetic secret. We still assured her that a letter had arrived for Jemima with the same blend of envy and curiosity as of old, and she still hugged it as mysteriously to her bosom. But now, at any rate, a strange medley of sound which came each evening from the parlor was explained. It was an arduous grunting converted sometimes into a labored moaning, and a splashing, a scratching, which announced to us that Jemima was inditing a letter to Jemima.

If anyone still harbored the least flicker of skepticism the incident which now took place extinguished it. Something had happened during her washing. The wheel of the mangling machine suddenly pulled the wrong way, or she had slipped against the handle. The details were uncertain, but it was quite certain that Jemima was suffering from a sprained right wrist. Of course she had to abandon washing for a time, and, strangely enough, while her right hand was incompetent she was likewise abandoned by her correspondence. None the less she always demanded punctiliously 'Letter for Jemima?' and we declared, 'Not today!' in the same puzzled and disappointed voice.

It is some months ago that the postman brought not one but two letters for Jemima. One had been posted in our town, one in Egypt. She appeared duly. 'Letter for Jemima?'

'Jemima, Jemima, *two* letters!' said Annie excitedly.

'No skittin', please!' demanded Jemima faintly.

'Look!'

Jemima shrieked, caught up the Egyptian letter, and fled cloudily.

Before long the postman delivered a little parcel from Malta. That evening Jemima came into the kitchen, her neck wrapped round with bewildering silks.

'Wynn!' she said. We asked no more.

The next episode in the penitence of Wynn was a parrot. The parrot was a blasphemous bird, but, fortunately, in Maltese, and no one was discomfited. Each evening the parrot greeted Jemima with a cheerful malediction. Jemima crooned over his perch and informed him he was a very wicked Wynn, he was, and don't deny it.

Upon entering the kitchen recently I found it briny with the smell of the seas. A big, red-bearded sailor lay back on the sofa, winking and slapping his thighs. A Maltese scarf foamed magnificently over Jemima's bosom.

She turned to me. 'I *am* Wynn!' she exclaimed. 'I *ain't* Bloggs!' She looked softly into the sailor's eyes. He winked, a little embarrassed. 'We've been and gone and done it!' she said.

The Manchester Guardian

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GLADIATORS

THERE is a great deal to be said for boxing. It has the high sanction of Homer and Virgil (though Virgil evidently was no boxer himself). For generations in our country it has formed part of the education which produces 'a scholar and a gentleman.' When he was a new boy at a public school, the writer had every morning to mount a table, announce the games for the day, and cry 'God save the Queen, and down with the Radicals!' —a prayer which has tinged his political opinions throughout a long and variegated life. In the evening he was instructed to box anyone who chose to take the ring against him, and yet he is no more bloodthirsty than the poor, untutored savage. Our greatest writers, from George Meredith downward, have extolled the art. George Borrow has been considered a good writer, and his praise of it is well known. 'What were the gladiators of Rome,' he cries in *Lavengro*, 'or the bull fighters of Spain in its palmiest days, compared to England's bruisers?'

> I have known the time [he mournfully continues] when a pugilistic encounter between two noted champions was almost considered in the light of a national affair. . . . But the time is past, and many people will say, Thank God that it is. All I have to say is, that the French still live on the other side of the water, and are still casting their eyes hitherward — and that in the days of pugilism it was no vain boast to say, that one Englishman was a match for two of t'other race.

Or take the praise in *Nimrod's Life of a Sportsman*,

> We may safely predict that, if the magistrates, or government, through a mistaken notion of preserving the public peace, succeed in suppressing them (the boxers), there will be an end to that sense of honor, and spirit, and gallantry, which distinguishes the common people of this country from that of all others; and which is not only the best guardian of their morals, but, perhaps, the only security now left either for our civil liberty or political independence.

From which it is evident that the National Council of Civil Liberties should at once elect Mr. Joe Beckett as President in their contest with D.O.R.A. And what is more, Nimrod goes on to assert that 'boxing matches could not be abolished without encouraging assassination.' So it is only by God's mercy and the boxing at Olympia that we are not all murdered in our beds. That is a stronger proof even than the writer's pacific disposition that boxing does not propagate the lust for blood. 'Damn it!' said Tom Cribb, when someone insulted him in a crowd, 'I can't hit you. I'm Tom Cribb!"

And besides, there is the *Daily News*, which like the worthy citizen in the Roman mob, might surely be described as *pietate gravis* —'heavy with piety.' That paper has been distinguished for its brilliant descriptions of boxing matches. Nearly six years have passed since the great match between M. Carpentier and Bombardier Wells, but who can forget the account written by the paper's expert in pugilism who signs himself 'A.G.G.'? It was classic. It was tragic. It was worthy of heroic verse and Pindaric ode. That picture of the beaten Bombardier —'Carpentier's handiwork'— sitting like a wreck, his head rolling helpless from side to side, his seconds fanning him, massaging him, pouring water over him — who can forget it? And the final morality: 'When at length he staggers to his feet and endeavors to address the crowd, he finds how little pity the world has for the defeated.' Alas, yes! that is the way of the world, and every expert in pugilism discovers it.

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Nor have five years of warfare caused the enthusiasm of the *Daily News* to flag. It is true another expert now is heard, but the column-and-a-half written recently by Mr. Fred Dartnell upon the great match between Joe Beckett and Eddie McGoorty (together with similar events), abounds in almost equally picturesque and vivid touches. Let us recall a few of the most striking phrases: 'his mouth slightly bleeding' (like boxing itself and all good art, the expert favors crescendo), 'ribs looked quite scarlet,' 'crashed a left to the face,' 'a splash of blood from Beckett's nostril by way of receipting the blow,' 'as a hard upper cut shook his jaw, the Yankee's eye glazed,' 'McGoorty kept spitting blood,' and 'a magnificent right to the stomach.' Two of the rounds are worth quoting in full for their vigor of expression:

> Three times a pile-driving right landed in McGoorty's waist, while a left hook on the mouth made the Yankee turn a shadowy gray. The crowd yelled for Beckett to go in and finish the fight, but he knew the foxy skill and ringcraft of his man and took no risks. McGoorty managed by supreme skill in defense to survive this terrible round, but he took a bleeding mouth and very wearied limbs to his chair when the bell rang.
>
> Now for the thirteenth, and the most gory round of the fight. Beckett landed four lefts on the face, and McGoorty smashed a left to Beckett's nose, but he had to withstand a terrible battery afterwards, and was covered in blood. Just at the finish of the round Beckett dropped him on the ropes with a left, and before he could rise floored him with a right, and the bell saved the American probably from being counted out.

These quotations, being derived from a paper which has so conspicuously maintained the gospel of peace and good will among men, prove beyond question that there can be nothing ungentle or unchristian in a boxing match as such. The competitors are free men, and, though artists in 'ringcraft,' they work, like other artists, for pay. The gladiators in Roman arenas were usually captives or slaves, specially trained and kept to make a holiday, and it may have been chiefly for their sake that the Christian monk who stopped the spectacles rushed among them and died. The bull in a bull fight is also specially kept for the purpose, and has no choice. The same with cocks in cock fighting, pigeons in pigeon shooting, rabbits in rabbit coursing, and the rats which every Sunday morning on Wormwood Scrubbs are given five leaps for their lives at a penny a head before the terrier grips them. It is the same in fox hunting, though the agony is generally more prolonged, and death does not invariably follow it. All those sports are still extolled in our own or other countries as fine and virile. But owing to the absence of 'self-determination' in the chief performers, there appears to be an element of cruelty in them which is absent from the boxing match, and no doubt that is the difference which the representatives of piety recognize. Otherwise, why should they not advocate the revival of bull baiting, bear baiting, cock fighting, man-and-dog fighting, and the other forms of sport which delighted our manly ancestors?

But there is one point in which the boxing at Olympia hardly differs at all from the sports we have mentioned, and that is the pleasure of the spectators. In a hackneyed passage, Macaulay poured scorn on the Puritans for prohibiting bear baiting, not because it gave pain to the bear, but because it gave pleasure to the spectators. That sounds very funny. The quotation is safe to draw laughter from any assembly of undergraduates. But, of course, the Puritans were perfectly right. The pain of the bear was bad,

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but if the souls of the spectators were immortal, or even of any value ('for whom Christ died'), their pleasure was immeasurably worse. Bloodthirstiness and love of cruelty are among the hell-deep instincts of mankind, and the instinct grows by what it feeds on. 'Why the devil can't I do that?' cried the huntsman, as he saw his hounds rend a fox in pieces and drink its blood. The higher the nature, the more poignant is its compassion, the more violent its horror at blood and pain poured out and inflicted for sport. Yet in nearly all minds the attraction of horror is strong. Visit the neighborhood of a prison the night before an execution. Crowds are agog in the streets; they listen for the hammering on the scaffold; a sensuous excitement prevails; the insensitive have found something to stir their dull emotions. Nor is it only the insensitive who feel the pull of horror. We remember the Athenian who, passing a heap of corpses executed beyond the city wall, tried to turn away his head and close his eyes, but at last, opening both eyes with his fingers, cried, 'Take your fill, then, of this abominable sight!'

After shyly apologizing for being a merciful and tender-hearted man himself, Montaigne confessed that he could hardly be persuaded, before he had seen it, that the world could have afforded so marble-hearted and savage-minded men that they could enjoy the pleasing spectacle of the languishing gestures, pitiful motions, horror-moving yellings, deep-fetched groans and lamentable voices of a dying and drooping man. The merciful essayist need not have been astonished. To the mass of mankind such sights and sounds remain peculiarly delightful, and the advance to a mercy such as his continues very slow. The causes of the delight are various: the race memory of ancient conflicts, and the rejoicing over a conquered and bleeding foe; the pleasure in vicarious suffering; the comfortable sight of pain which the spectator has contrived to avoid; the satisfaction of the citizen in *Faust* whose delight it was to chat of wars in far-off Turkey while he drank his glass beside the Rhine; the craving of dull minds to have their senses stirred by rude emotions such as bloodshed and lust, and, finally, the making of money out of the whole business. So it comes that the African savage roars with laughter over the writhings of the victim he torments; vast sums are paid for seats at our boxing matches; larger sums still are lost or won in betting; and elderly gentlemen and ladies in the West End surreptitiously enjoyed the war, and miss it now.

The Nation

THE WAKE

BY PAUL HENRY

THE wind hummed and whistled overhead and jagged masses of dark cloud, detached from the great banks that hung round the mountains, were sweeping low down over the village and hurrying out to sea. The little cluster of houses huddled together, smudges of gray in great pools of blackness, looked strangely weak and lonely, as if man had made his last stand there before being either crushed by the mountains or devoured by the sea. To-night even the mountains and the sea were small and insignificant things under the imperious flight of the great clouds.

From the sally gardens came the hissing swish of the leafless branches as the gusts passed boisterously over them. The rich turf smoke struggled for a moment in the mouths of the chimneys, poured down over the thatch to the ground, then seemed to be

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snatched back again and scattered abroad through the houses. Now and then a spark like a glowing butterfly would shoot up from a chimney, caper phantom-like over a roof or two, and disappear behind a wall. From cracks beside the closed doors lines of light etched orange pathways across the rough stones and flickered on the little pools of shivering water. Indeterminate noises — the subdued lowing of cattle in a byre, perhaps the humming of a spinning wheel in a kitchen — were caught up by the wind and rattled from gable to gable.

The cottages thinned out toward the sea, and here the noise of the waves barking and roaring on the beach and the grumbling of the stones thrown up and gulped back by the breakers struck the ear like blows.

The door of the last house toward the sea, where the wake was, opened suddenly, and a broad shaft of light shone out, lighting up with startling insistence the loosely piled-up stone walls and a pair of lovers standing by a turf-stack. The boy was trying to reach the girl's mouth, while she was pushing him away with her two hands against his breast. The sudden flash lit up her laughing eyes and flushed cheeks and her lover's greedy lips. The door closed before they had time to move, and the velvety darkness swallowed them once more.

Now and again, carried this way and that by the gusts of wind, the voices of the keeners could be heard rising higher and higher into a shriek, then sinking down into a mournful crying, and dying away disconsolate and hopeless.

Three or four men came through the village, and after peering through the cracks in the door to see how many had already gathered, lifted the latch and passed into the wake-house. Closing the door behind them, they knelt down on the floor, murmuring a prayer and crossing themselves with their clumsy hands.

The kitchen was packed with men and women, some sitting closely together on forms and chairs, some standing, and a few very old women and boys squatting on the floor round a huge turf fire, which gave out a great heat. In the room, dim with tobacco smoke, the only illumination came from the fire and the candles, which stood on the bier, lighting up the strong, sombre faces of the men and women near, and throwing a splash of yellow here and there on a glistening forehead or nose, and on strong, gnarled working hands. There was a little movement as the newcomers entered and greeted their friends in a hoarse undertone, or with a nod and a faint, bashful smile. The brooding silence speedily settled down again, broken only by the scraping of a boot on the floor as a watcher moved in his place, or the sharp crack of a match struck on the bowl of a clay pipe.

The bier — the kitchen table two days ago and what would be the kitchen table again to-morrow evening — stood against the wall at one side of the room, covered with a white cotton sheet. Upon it three candles burned, one at each end and one in the middle on the side facing the room. On the white-washed wall behind the table were three sacred pictures — oleographs in tarnished gilt frames, and above the middle one the dead man's initials, 'J. M.,' roughly cut out of black paper, were fastened to the wall with pins. And on the bier, the poor thin corpse, as still as only a dead thing can be, covered, except for the head, with a coarse cotton sheet. Under the sheet the lines of the figure could be dimly seen. The hands crossed awkwardly on the breast, the knees slightly raised, and the toes pointing to the stars. The face was

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drawn and thin, and the sunken temples and the sharp lines of the nose and chin were clearly drawn against the surrounding white. The implements of the dead man's calling hung above him on the rafters, his nets, his floats, a coil of rope, and the thick, blue, knitted jersey in which he had been drowned within sight and hail of the little whitewashed houses.

By twos and threes the neighbors came in, letting in with them a rush of cold air and the sound of the pounding seas. Some paused near the door and leaned against the wall, while some went into an inner room where there was a subdued clatter of cups and a hum of discreetly lowered voices.

At intervals, as some near relative of the family entered, the keeners, two very old women, crumpled up on the floor near the fire, started their weird cry, which after reaching its height died down and rose again and died away into long sobs.

Every now and then the two sons of the dead man came from the room off the kitchen with their hands full of new clay pipes and pieces of tobacco, and going among the watchers offered them to any who were not smoking, saying 'Smoke up, boys, smoke up'; 'You 're not smoking, Michael'; 'Where 's your pipe, Peter?' and so, going the round of the kitchen, saw that everyone was sending up a little cloud of smoke. 'That 's right, boys, smoke up,' they whispered, and returned again to the inner room.

Some small boys, whose bright beady eyes sparkled in the firelight, carried on a murmuring and sniggering among themselves with sometimes little, hastily-checked laughs. The girls, sitting together for the most part, their faces lost in the heavy shadows thrown by their thick shawls, gave deep sighs, and sometimes looked long and abstractedly at the face of the dead, drawing their shawls closer round them.

The wind droned in the chimney and the night crept on. Again and again the men came round with the tobacco, saying, 'Smoke up, boys, smoke up!' Every man puffed away, and the clouds of smoke rose up and hung heavily over the silent and shadowy watchers. The wind droned louder in the chimney, the booming of the sea sounded more vindictive, and a cold chill seemed to steal in through the cracks in the rudely-fashioned door and to creep along the earthen floor. The hens stirred uneasily on the rafters, and their sharp claws scraped on the hard, blackened beams.

'It 'll be near dawn now,' whispered an old fisherman with keen sea-eyes, to his neighbor, 'we must be going now if we 're to be at Corrigmore before the tide turns.' Getting up, and with a long look at the dead man, they crossed themselves and passed out. A yellowish-gray blur in the east was casting a little sickly light on the long rollers, and the air was wonderfully pure and fresh after the hot and unhealthy kitchen. As the two men stood at the door looking out at the wet rocks and the waste of troubled water, a cock crew in the kitchen behind them. After a little there was an answering call from the other end of the village. The dawn had come.

The Irish Statesman

AMERICAN RELIGIOUS CULTS

BY THE REVEREND W. F. COBB, D.D.

CRABBED age and youth cannot live together; but all age is not crabbed, and some youth is not headstrong. The Old World and the New World, anyhow, have got to live together, and it is for the wise and experienced men of both to instruct us how agree-

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ment can best be evoked, maintained, and deepened.

Nobody will question the proposition that, in their broader features, Great Britain and the United States behave like age and youth respectively. In the one, political life was rooted twelve hundred years ago; in the other, three hundred. Of course this contrast should not be accentuated, for the later political life of the United States springs from the older political life of the United Kingdom. Hence, where the language, common law, social traditions, and political institutions are common, the differences will be more of the nature of surface currents than of deep and elemental forces in mutual conflict.

Speaking in broad terms again, we may say that the failings of Great Britain are the failings of riper years, and that its virtues are also of the same class. An aristocratic tradition has set up a standard of leisureliness and of a certain slow stateliness of movement in private, commercial, and public life. The same tradition has made us pay regard to a standard of worth in our vital activities. And the rise of the democratic spirit to predominance, and of the industrial system to the principal place in our activities, has not quite destroyed our innate feeling that life is more than acquisitiveness, and self-respect better than the respect of our neighbors. To this may be added, rightly or wrongly, that political wisdom or sagacity with which our neighbors credit us.

To a considerable extent the United States has inherited a different temperament. Conscious of great capacities; with its life-blood enriched by contributions from every important nation under the sun; with untold wealth lying invitingly in the soil; with a climate in all its vast ranges favorable to high spirits and buoyant self-confidence, it is no wonder that the United States feels itself called, like John Brown's body, to go marching on to conquest after conquest. It has the energy and the ebullient belief that is proper to a youth that is conscious of its powers.

We may notice some manifestations of this confident spirit in the contributions made by the United States to the religious practice of these later days. We say to 'religious practice,' for it would be hazardous to claim that it has made any serious or lasting contribution to religious thought. What is true of its activities in other departments of life is also true of them in religion. In medicine it has given us osteopathy, for example, which may be regarded as an ambitious attempt to apply a single method to the healing of every kind of illness. It works on the grand scale, and makes large claims, and appears to stake its credit on one single aspect of practical therapeutics. But its contribution to medical knowledge is inappreciable. Its whole worth lies in its method.

Similarly, in thought we have been given by Messrs. Peirce, William James, and Dewey that *enfant terrible* of Pragmatism which has exasperated the orthodox philosophers of Great Britain more violently than ever did the Quakers the Pilgrim Fathers. Whereas your orthodox philosopher is concerned only with asking of any proposition he encounters whether it is true, this new and callow professor proclaims that all that matters is whether it works. Truth, he affirms, is secondary, and so long as you can get the work done that you want done you may take the theory as thereby proved. All which is anathema to all Idealists of the orthodox type, and especially to all who reverence from any angle-point the Idealism which claims to be absolute.

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What is true in medicine and philosophy is also true in the domain of religion. From the States have come three movements whose common aim is an improved practice rather than a clarified thought, namely, Christian Science, Higher Thought, and Spiritualism. It is true that each wears the dress of the classroom, but the wearer himself is interested not in the theories of the school, but in bettering the life of the market-place. Christian Science has what, on the *lucus a non lucendo* principle, may be termed its doctrine of Spirit and of Matter. But the doctrine, such as it is, is there for the practice, and has no distinct value of its own. So, too, Higher Thought might well be described by the orthodox logician as rather a negation of Thought, and if so the withers of the professor of this Higher Thought would be unwrung, for he might properly retort that his Thought is but a means to a higher end, namely, the development of man's latent spiritual powers, and so the discovery of ways by which he may the more thoroughly master his environment.

Spiritualism, or the variegated attempt to open up communications with the dead, asserts vigorously enough a certain doctrine about the constitution of man, and in this it is not above borrowing on occasion from another upstart called Theosophy. But at bottom its interest is not speculative. It seeks to satisfy a need, and it offers a complex machinery for the purpose. It might perhaps urge that in so acting it is no worse than the orthodox sciences, for their aim is also practical. It and they alike aim at finding out truth, and then at putting that truth at the service of man. And the reply would be that science does indeed succeed in bettering the life of the average man, but that that is an accident of its operations. What it is directly concerned with is truth for its own sake, not what men will make of it when it is found. Further, it might be urged that possibly all endeavors to bring the dead once more under the sway of the phenomenal order we know are a step backward instead of forward.

Using these three very pushful movements as our index, we may then say that the United States and ourselves have need of one another. If anybody thinks that the practical element looms too large in American classrooms and churches, and that this practical element is not far removed from the spirit which measures values by a hedonistic balance, we may on the other hand confess that we on this side are too slavishly addicted to the service of obsolete thought, and too little disposed to adventure 'to-morrow to fresh woods and pastures new.' Here the States can confer on us a great benefit. Indeed, we may affirm that they have done so already.

The eye which has watched monk and reformer, Anglican, Lutheran, Puritan, Quaker, and conscientious objector pass across the stage, and strut his little day, will be content to see in these newer phases, as in the older, partial presentations of a truth so majestic and far-reaching that it can be taken in by man at sundry times and in divers manners only.

Broadly speaking, the pessimism and fatigue of the Old World is being balanced by that religion of healthy-mindedness which flourishes in the New World. Americans are proverbially practical, and we are inclined to be speculative. We want a consistent theory, and they want things done. We have been trained to other-worldiness, and they want this world improved, and the Kingdom of God set up on earth. Hence they insist that religion must deliver the goods here

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and now. It must show us how to cure the diseases of the mind, or, if they are found incurable, how to bear them with courage and humor. It may be right to say with Browning that God 's in His heaven, but it is called on imperiously to bring Him down to earth, so that all there may be well.

If we need to have this note of practical worth struck here, and made to enrich our religious orchestra, it may be an equal good that British sober sense and long experience in experimental religion can confer on the younger and less restrained cults which have sprung up in these later days on American soil.

The Landmark

HIGH TIDE

BY K. A. BRAIMBRIDGE

'T is darkest midnight rent in storm and rain,
'T is midnight, and the tide is at the flood;
The billows hurry higher, and again
Strewn is the shore with wreckage and with blood.
The surges blacken and grow vastly deep;
The last enduring bulwark disappears,
Lost in the blinding spray of waves asweep —
The narrow causeway of the hope of years.
But lo! the whelming waters pass away,
Scourged by an infinite relentless power;
Like angry beasts new cheated of their prey,
In sullen fear the storms defeated cower.
Clear rise the rocks against a sky star-trod,
And on the broken causeway standeth God.

The Poetry Review

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A WHOLE HOLIDAY

BY EDEN PHILLPOTTS

Me and Jenkins minor and Toms thought it would be a jolly fine thing to walk to Twin Bridges on the whole holiday that old Dunston gave us, because Forbes won the D.S.O. Forbes, funnily enough, never won anything at Merivale, and in fact never soared out of the Lower Fifth, and only got that far because he was six feet high at sixteen and had simply grown to be a scandal in the Fourth. But though the Doctor slighted him at Merivale, he kept an eye on him afterwards in the war, apparently; and when Forbes, who was a sportsman to the marrow, won the D.S.O. and wrote and asked Doctor Dunston to give the school a holiday in consequence, he agreed to do it, and yarned about Forbes for half an hour after prayers on the appointed day. He evidently believed that if Forbes had not been at Merivale, he could never have won the D.S.O.

So the war had its bright side for the school as well as its dark side, and me and Jenkins minor and Toms felt that to walk thirty miles — fifteen miles to Twin Bridges and fifteen back — would be a pretty good feat for us, besides being a record, and a thing that would rather please Forbes if he ever heard of it. Because not within living memory had we ever walked thirty miles before. Or even twenty. Yet we felt we could.

It was a day in early March and we started at eleven o'clock with special permission, as we were, of course, going far out of bounds. But our form master believed in Toms, who was a chap with an undoubted brain, and he said that if Toms went, I and Jenkins minor might go too.

'You had better see if you have enough money between you to come back by train,' said our form master, which was his rather low down way of hinting we could n't go thirty miles in eight or nine hours; and if anything could have made it a certainty, this mean satire on his part would have done so. In fact we took an oath to do it; and so we jolly well had to.

There are milestones on the main road up to Dartmoor, and it was wonderful with what utter ease we passed the first four. In fact, we surprised ourselves in a manner of speaking, and, just to see what we really could do, we timed ourselves between the fourth and fifth milestones; and Toms did it in thirteen minutes, though it broke him into a perspiration; and I did it in fourteen and about half a minute; and Jenkins minor was not much more than a hundred yards behind. He then explained that something was running into his foot, and on examination we found that the second toenail on the right foot of Jenkins minor had run into the third toe and made it bleed. He was a good deal worried, because he said to lose blood at the beginning of a great walk might take away his strength and make a toil of a pleasure later on. And he also said that lockjaw often began in this harmless way; so Toms, who was the only one that had a knife, lent it to Jenkins, and Jenkins cut a good slice off his toenail and, for a time, found himself entirely cured. He was a queer

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chap, slightly unlike other chaps, being utterly above himself some days and fearfully cast down on others — though he never knew exactly why.

The scenery began to change, for now we left a rather monotonous, flat road and began to climb up into the beginning of the moor; but there were signs that difficulties might be met, because, as Toms pointed out, you can have it perfectly fine by the sea, and yet quite different on high mountains a few miles off. We had started in a mild rain, which was refreshing if anything; but as we began to ascend into the moor, much to our surprise, the rain grew rather denser in quality and colder to the face. With it fell an occasional flake of snow; and Toms, who always looks ahead in a wise, but rather tiresome, way, said it would n't much surprise him if we found snow on the high hills, which we had to walk across before reaching Twin Bridges.

Jenkins minor hoped we should; but this was his ignorance, because Toms immediately pointed out that you cannot walk more than about two miles an hour in really good snow; and he also said that if the road was buried in snow, we might miss it.

'In which case,' said Toms, 'there would be decided danger, for many grown men have lost their way on Dartmoor and been found, months afterwards, with their skeletons picked white by foxes and carrion crows.'

'So much the better,' I said, rather thoughtlessly — to cheer us up.

But Jenkins minor stopped as if he was shot, when Toms mentioned skeletons, and it was a good five minutes before we got him going again.

'You can trust me,' said Toms. 'If the road is entirely lost in snow, I shall turn back — not for cowardice, but sense. I 've got no use for carrion crows myself, and I don't suppose you have. The thing is to keep the blood circulating in the arteries. Then you 're all right, It is only people who lose heart and sit down and fall into the snow sleep who come to grief on these occasions. And you can't fall into the snow sleep unless you are worn out, starving and done for in other ways.'

Jenkins minor wanted to know more about the snow sleep; but Toms had only heard of it and could n't give particulars; and I told Jenkins not to be a cur and not keep talking, which was lessening our rate of speed.

Then he got beastly quiet and certainly his pleasure was gone from that moment. He did n't speak for about a mile, then he said he believed the snow was gaining on the rain and the flakes getting bigger. Which was true; but only a rotter would have mentioned it.

Snow began to lay a bit at the top of the first hill, but a magnificent view of several *tors* cheered us, and though we had now left the milestones on the other road, we calculated we were going a good four miles an hour still and had now done eight, if not more. A rift in the sky bucked up Jenkins slightly. It did n't amount to much and no blue showed; still it got lighter and the sleet stopped for a few minutes; but on the top of the moor the wind was exceedingly cold, and I said it was grand for the appetite, and so did Toms. This reminded Jenkins that he had not eaten as much breakfast as he might; and in fact he declared he had been hungry for some miles. But Toms told him it was idle to be hungry for at least an hour more, by which time we should be getting pretty near Twin Bridges. So Jenkins minor shut up again for some time. Then we found he was distinctly slackening pace and told him to go faster. He responded feebly, and then, much to our surprise, it began to snow jolly hard and the magnificent view

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was lost under clouds of gray mist which were really pure snow.

I said:

'This looks like business, Toms.'

And Toms said:

'Yes, it does.'

'There 's a good deal of frozen ice about too — not that I mind,' said Jenkins.

'We 'll have a bit of a run,' declared Toms; so we ran about a mile, and only stopped when Jenkins, who had fallen into the rear, hooted rather wildly. He joined us and explained that his other foot was giving way; but Toms made light of it.

'We must be getting on toward the place now,' he told us; 'and after you 've had a substantial beefsteak and so on, you won't feel anything. Your nerves are a bit off, I expect; but you can't expect me to bother about that.'

So we kept going, though the road began to be a bit uncertain in places, and it was evident that a great deal of snow had fallen over the moor and smothered most of the scenery. Me and Toms were still absolutely fit, though wet, but Jenkins, owing to rocky nerves, as Toms said, and also an attack of hunger, was not. Then we met a man, much to the delight of Jenkins. He was riding a pony and had a sack thrown over his shoulders which was white with snow. He was an oldish sort of chap, evidently quite at ease about the weather and the road; but he was not friendly and though we all stopped, he did n't.

'Can you tell me, my good man, how far it is to Twin Bridges?' asked Toms; and he said 'Mile,' but made no other remark, and did n't look at us.

'Thank you,' said Toms. 'Straight ahead is it?'

But the oldish man took no notice of this perfectly civil question.

'Beast!' I said.

But Jenkins thought he might have something on his mind, and Toms, who has a great power of satire, said, 'If he had anything on his mind, it would give way.'

Anyhow we were a good bit cheered up at the thought of only one more mile; and we had another short run, though Toms reminded us that such an idiot of a man probably had no idea of the truth. He said: 'It is a well-known fact that the laboring classes are frightfully foggy about distances. A mile to them may often prove to be five to the educated traveler.' But I felt somehow the man was right.

'At any moment now we may see the roof of the inn and have done our fifteen miles,' I told Jenkins, and for answer the wretched chap suddenly gurgled and gasped and said he believed he was going into the snow sleep!

Toms told me afterwards that a great many different ideas flashed through his mind when Jenkins said this. To begin with, he did n't much believe it; but knowing Jenkins, who is fearfully high strung and so excitable that he even breaks into poetry sometimes, he felt that it was better to be patient but firm. So he said:

'Don't be a silly fathead. You 're merely suffering from advanced hunger, not snow sleep. So am I and so is Thwaites. But we keep our nerve about it.'

'Leave yourself in our hands and don't stop for an instant, Jenkins,' I said; and then we each took an arm and pulled him along and said cheerful things about a roaring fire and rich plates of luscious food. In fact, we spoke much more joyously than we really felt, both being in reality rather fed up with the struggle. But this wise action distracted the mind of Jenkins, and in about another ten minutes we got to the top of a little hill, and at the

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bottom, much to our joy, we distinctly saw the roof of the far-famous Twin Bridges Hotel. So we dropped the arms of Jenkins minor, who had no time now to fall into a snow sleep, even if he wanted to, and sped down in triumph.

The very moment we got inside the door, a cheerful, beery warmth seemed to surround us, combined with a smell of very fine grub; and the landlord turned out to be far the best and kindest man we had ever met. And Toms admitted that this landlord was even kinder than his own father. And so did I. And Jenkins, though he had no father, said his mother could not have been kinder, or keener to dry him, than the landlord of the inn.

We told this splendid man that we had walked from Merivale, and he was much pleased to hear it, and said it was a jolly good walk for small boys. He also took our coats and stockings to be dried and advised that we stopped by a great fire until our knickers were also fairly dry; but, with the odor of chops and fried potatoes in our nostrils, this was difficult to do and we soon abandoned the fire for the pleasure of a remarkable dinner.

Toms said that after great and prolonged hunger, you ought to begin to eat again very gradually, and Jenkins was frightened and tried to be gradual; but I scorned it, and ate fiercely and naturally. After the chops, we had apple tart and Devonshire cream, ginger beer, two bottles each, bread and cheese and celery; which was new to me, though Toms had eaten it. Meantime the snow fairly flew by, and though, after dinner, I swear I was perfectly ready to walk back to Merivale, Toms and the master of the inn and, of course, Jenkins minor, would n't hear of it. Toms found himself slightly lame after dinner, not as a result of our refreshing meal, but owing, he thought, to a slip on ice in the thirteenth mile. He said it would probably pass off after tea, for which we felt that we should soon be ready, the time now being a quarter to four o'clock. But first we sat in the billiard room, which was empty, and considered our course of action; and I saw the visitors' book and wondered if we might write our names in it. Jenkins minor, who was now utterly changed in the soothing atmosphere of food and perfect safety, even said he would write a poem for this book; but Toms would not allow us to touch the book till he had asked the master of the inn if we might. He said, certainly, but we must be careful not to make blots. And it was done accordingly and read like this:

Nichol Toms (age 13),
William Gerald Thwaites (age 11),
Norman Jenkins (age 11½),
Walked on foot from Merivale on 3 March in a blinding snowstorm fifteen miles to Twin Bridges.

And under this, in a very clear hand, Jenkins wrote the following poem, which only took him about three quarters of an hour. He wrote it into the visitors' book when Toms had his back turned trying to play billiards; and when Toms saw it, he doubted; but Jenkins minor pointed out that many other travelers had left poems in the book, and he even thought some were no better than his. Anyway it was done and could not be undone. And I thought it fine myself; and in addition it was true, which all poetry is not.

When we were in a fearful plight
Twin Bridges rose upon our sight,
And but for the grand landlord's care
Toms, Thwaites, and I might not be here.
(*Signed*) NORMAN JENKINS.

And when the landlord read it he said that it was good.

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The time passed swiftly and Toms began to consider the problems which now rose before us. In fact he asked the landlord about what his views were, and this wonderful man, who seemed ready for every difficulty, said that, by a good chance, he was sending in a pair of horses and a closed wagonette to meet a sportsman at the station five miles away, and that we should be driven to the station, from which, at five o'clock, a train left for Merivale. This was good in a way, but left a very short time for tea, so we ordered it immediately. Of course it meant that our form master would score off us rather badly, when he found we had come back by train; but, as Toms said, the weather was not our fault and it was no use risking life in order to keep our oath. 'It shows,' said Toms, 'the danger about oaths; and no doubt many people older than us have taken them and been prevented by one thing and another from keeping them.'

We made a hearty tea and when all was over and it came to the bill, we found, much to our surprise, that it would be needful not to pay it, because our money proved rather too scarce for the occasion.

So Toms asked the landlord if he could trust us, and offered to leave his watch and chain (silver) behind, if he would not trust us.

He said:

'It seems a poor return, I 'm afraid, after you 've been so awfully good in every way and given us such valuable warmth and beautiful food; but, you may, I hope, see your way to waiting, whereas, the people in the booking office at the railway station would not. You see, if we pay you in full, we shan't have any money for our tickets, in which case it would be no good your kindly driving us to the station.'

The landlord, whom nothing seemed to dismay, saw this in a moment. He knew by our hats we came from Merivale, and so he gave Toms a made out bill and explained that we could send the necessary cash by postal order presently. And when the wagonette appeared, he shook hands with each of us in turn and hoped we 'd all come to see him again in the summer; and me and Toms and Jenkins minor, forgetting what Toms had said about oaths, all instantly swore we would. We had a very fine railway rug in the wagonette to keep us warm, and drove through virgin snow for five miles. And already we longed to return to Twin Bridges and thank that wonderful and manly landlord for all his unusual kindness to us.

Toms said:

'With luck next term, if the war lasts, some other Merivale chap is pretty sure to get another S.D.O.; and then another whole holiday will happen. And then you and I, Thwaites, will not only walk to Twin Bridges, which we have proved we can do, even under the utmost difficulties, but also walk back again in the cool of the evening.'

And I said we would.

Jenkins minor also said he would; but Toms was waiting for this.

'No,' he replied with a good deal of satire, 'your toes would run into one another, or you would get the snow sleep, Jenkins. We shan't have any use for you again.'

'You could n't get the snow sleep in July,' said Jenkins minor.

'Then you 'd have sunstroke, or summer cholera, or something,' answered Toms.

'It might be your turn next,' suggested Jenkins, 'and I might rise to the occasion and save you in the summer.'

'When I have to trust to you to save me, I shall indeed be in a tight place,' replied Toms, with still more satire.

All went exactly as the amazing

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landlord had foreseen. We got to the station just in time for the five o'clock train, and found that the snow had also reached Merivale before our return.

And this was a good thing in its way, because it showed the truth of what had happened to us, which might not have been believed by other chaps who had done nothing in particular but just mess about in bounds. Also, of course, the printed account from the Twin Bridges Hotel proved the truth of the wonderful incidents that had happened to us. And it proved more, because when our form master read the details and advanced Toms the necessary sum to get the post office order, he thought we had done ourselves far too well and eaten enough for six boys. But as Toms said to him — Toms being the only chap who ever dares answer him back — there is nothing more important than the commissariat department if you are in the Arctic regions; because, when the temperature gets below zero, it is a familiar medica fact that nourishment must be instantly increased to keep up the heart's action.

'I see,' said our form master. 'This was not greediness, but just a salutary precaution.'

And Toms said:

'Yes, Sir.'

And certainly the salutary precaution succeeded, because next morning even Jenkins minor proved to be 'in the pink,' as we say; and despite our hardships, not one of us got as much as a cold in the nose, whereas, several chaps who had just crept about in the woods and done nothing in the least sporting, proved to be slightly chilled and crocked when the whole holiday was a thing of the past. And anyway, looking back at it, the good far outnumbered the bad; which even Jenkins admitted, when he found he was n't going to have lockjaw.

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NATIONAL EDUCATION AND INTERNATIONALISM

BY FOSTER WATSON

EVERY human institution — political, social, and religious — is now the subject of critical analysis, and has to make good its claims. At present no problem is more vital than that of the relation of the individual to the nation, and the nation to other nations; and in considering the problem it is of the first importance to recognize that there is a psychology of the community. I know of no better description of the nature of the community than that given by the late Professor Josiah Royce of Harvard. He points out that since man is essentially a social being, he lives in the community, and depends upon the community for 'all that makes his civilization articulate.' It follows that the educational provision, whatever else it involves, at any rate must include an attempt toward the 'making articulate' of the civilization of the community in which the young mind is being developed. The sense of this necessity deepens when we follow Professor Royce's exposition further.

> Each of the two, the community or the individual member of it, is as much a live creation as is the other. Not only does the community live, it has a mind of its own — a mind whose psychology is not the same as the psychology of an individual human being. The social mind displays its psychological traits in its characteristic products,— in languages, in customs, in religions,— products which an individual mind, or even a collection of such minds, when they are not somehow organized into a genuine community, cannot produce.

Such a community is the nation. It is not founded merely on race, on language, or on religion, though each of these may constitute a strong bond of union. But the essential centre of the unity of the nation is, as Professor Ramsay Muir says,

> the possession of a common tradition, a memory of suffering endured and victories won in common, expressed in song and legend, in the dear names of great personalities that seem to embody in themselves the character and the ideals of the nation, in the names also of sacred places wherein the national memory is enshrined.

All these factors, therefore, enter into the idea of the common inheritance. They are the spiritual heirlooms passed on from the older to the younger generation. They are the sanctities of national life to which father and son, mother and daughter owe common allegiance. An education which neglected or depreciated them would be inadequate, and indeed, disloyal to the continuity of both the nation and education.

In a circular of the Minister of Public Instruction in France addressed to French educationists, in September, 1915, were the words:

> La culture classique doit rester l'objet d'une fervente étude, ne serait-ce que parce qu'elle a transmis à la pensée française la plupart des grandes idées, pour lesquelles nous combattons.

France is thus fortunate in possessing a continuity of historical tradition that links her present with the classical past — a nationalism joined to humanism — in the educational outlook. It is in the long run only in this coalition that there is safety. For while

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the value of national education is irresistible, yet unmitigated self-centredness is as unwholesome in the nation as it is in the individual. Thus, while education wisely concerns itself with making the environmental national civilization intelligible, and 'articulate' to the child, a narrow restriction to national subjects, national interests, and even national tradition, defeats its own object. For who can be said rightly to know England, 'who only England knows'? So, with regard to France, M. Ferdinand Buisson said to the Ligue de l'Enseignement in March, 1915:

> Il n'est plus permis, même à l'école primaire de tant ignorer de la terre sauf la France. Il faut que le peuple de demain sache beaucoup mieux que celui d'aujourd'hui que nous ne sommes pas seuls au monde.

The absorptive danger of national education was never fully realized till the great war through which we have just passed. Up to that time, German education had been the admiration of almost all the world. The child-mind and the youth mind of Germany had been permeated not merely with national education but rather with the education of unlimited nationalism. All the schools had become propaganda centres of Pangermanism. From the schools, into the universities the nationalist obsession penetrated and took hold of all, teachers and students alike. Uncontrolled, illimitable nationalism was brought into the educational arena, and made the standing object-lesson for all time, of the dangers of an unqualified nationalism in education. For not only were such subjects as history, geography, and literature taught with the bias — the unqualified bias — toward national ideals, but also the sciences were made to serve the same end. Love of knowledge was identified with the love of Germany. All the resources of study and research were destined for exploitation in the service of German militarism. Perhaps the best expression of this madness of national education is that of Senator Cabot Lodge:

> When I have seen the German people develop to the highest point the science of destroying human lives; when I have seen them produce an organized barbarism far surpassing, in its savage efficiency, any that has ever afflicted the world; when I have witnessed the deeds wrought by the products of the most modern and improved methods of education which surpass in wanton destruction, in equally wanton cruelty, in sheer naked horror, anything which history can show; when I have beheld all this, I have seriously doubted whether the most modern education has been quite such a complete success as its advocates assert.

One deduction may be clearly made, — namely, that it is infinitely important to consider the aim toward which education in a country is directed. If the idea of national education consists particularly in the glorification of the nation, in implanting the notion that it is, or ought to be held, superior to all other nations, that it ought to supersede and dominate over all other nations, both in a military and in a spiritual sense, then German education was eminently successful. The national education of Germany was the embodiment of its national ideal. But if the national education is to be one which will bear the impartial criticism of other nations, it is clear that there must be limitations in its self-centredness. How far should national education confine itself to the inculcation of the national self-interest? How far should education limit itself to national topics of inquiry and study? How far should it color its presentation of knowledge to the young with its own national preoccupation and readiness to pursue

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the current channels of national self-regarding enthusiasm?

These are all subjects of educational inquiry, and must largely be determined by the experience of enlightened teachers. What is wanted is a real unity of those engaged in teaching, so that they may be animated by due consideration of the ideals of life generally and of the whole of humanity. As there is a soul of the nation, so there is a soul of the combined company of teachers. There is, moreover, or should be, a rightful unity of the soul of the teachers and the soul of the nation. For there is a large element which is common to both. By the teachers' unity I do not mean any trade-union organization, or professional interest. That aspect, which is perfectly legitimate and in some ways highly wholesome, concerns the *body* of teachers. But the unity to which I refer is the conscious recognition of the sway of the ideals of life as a whole, as having a necessary place in the continuity of the development of the ideals of life. It is truly the outcome of the common thought and action of the teachers, for it requires the amalgam of every aspect, of the opinion of teachers at every type of teaching, at the stages of infancy, childhood, youth, and manhood; it requires consultation of ideas, expressed or latent, teachers of every psychological type; it requires co-ordination of views of teachers in every direction of knowledge — in religion, literature, history, science, mathematics, the fine arts, the crafts, manual instruction, in all the applied and technical arts. The outward organization of all these varieties of teachers into a unity within a nation would form the national 'body' of teachers. But it 'takes a soul to move a body.' The inward spirit, once conscious of itself, throughout all these types — including every grade — University, College, School — would (and to some extent does, even now, in what is still largely an individual and unorganic profession) infuse an ideal, arising out of practical life and returning into educational life, by action and reaction; but built up into an actuality of spirit, which only can arise from conscious common purpose. Such a 'soul' and 'body' of teachers is arising, as never before, because the means of physical and of spiritual communication are so much more developed, and facilities for further development are constantly increasing.

My answer, then, to the question I have raised as to the necessary limitations of the ideal of self-centred *national* education, is implied in the growing sense of responsibility, and the increasingly higher level of philosophical thought among teachers. The object lesson of Germany's infatuated, individual, self-centred exploitation of its teachers will not be lost upon educationists in allied countries. No stronger argument could possibly be offered for the necessity of the better equipment and culture of future teachers, combined with the recognition that the resultant training toward the desire for intellectual and moral truth, and the training of the mind to openness in its search, require and justify the freedom of teachers from state control, in all the spiritual issues of education. For the remedy against the narrowness of patriotic obsessions is not in the futile attempt to depreciate or suppress the patriotic glow of joy in one's country, but in *nationalizing* it. This only can be done by the intuitions of the cultured mind, at home in the searching criticisms of the whole community of teachers. Patriotism is psychologically as necessary to the individual development of the young as is devoted affection

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to the family circle. Each can be dispensed with, it is true, but not without maiming and imperiling the whole development of the individual.

But, apart from the exploitation of the resources of national education by some irrelevant, diplomatic aim of 'Kultur,' there are, of course, other general dangers and difficulties. These are susceptible of classification; they are all mainly dependent upon the failure to recognize the due perspective of the ideals of life as a whole. National ideals are, so to say, always with us, and it is only the relatively rarer spirits among us, who recognize the responsibility of regarding them, not as ends, but as resplendent searchlights, without which we should find it difficult to begin or maintain the extension of our sympathetic imagination in all directions. But even in the attempt to realize the best means of promoting national ideals in the school, we are met by the very difficulty which besets us in proceeding beyond national sympathies to the recognition of the solidarity of humanity. If we enlist too great an enthusiasm for the merely local as distinguished from national surroundings, *we may be too successful*, and we may find that the effect has been the production of parochialism. If my city rejoices in a beautiful cathedral, it is not 'parochial' for me to be proud of it. But if I am so devoted in my infatuation for it, that I do not also enjoy any other form of beauty, say, Alpine scenery, or if my local attachment makes me purblind to the beauties of other cathedrals, I am, educationally, suffering from unmitigated parochialism. It is of the nature of all love, including the love of the beautiful, to be diffusive and expansive. It takes us out of ourselves and of our own surroundings, into the larger world. If this be so for our local attachments, it is so for our national enthusiasms. We, or at any rate many of us, need a stimulus, the stimulus of locality, *our* locality, to be intensely enthusiastic. But then love, contrary to the usual supposition, makes us critical. Is it not George Meredith who says that love is scarcely complete until we smile as we recognize the humorous aspect of much in the object of our attraction? — and this is peculiarly true of local enthusiasm. Of all forms of parochialism, probably the most dangerous educationally to-day is specialization, industrial and intellectual. It is the *reductio ad absurdum* of parochialism. It is self-centredness in full occupation. Its most abhorrent form is the specialization of militarism, which is not life, but only one horrible part of it. Moreover, a similar example of the baneful effects of specialization is to be found in the man who is interested solely in commerce, or in industry and in the training for it, prematurely, of the young. National education for the young has to avoid mere class interests, mere specialization in sectional interests, if for no other reason, because of the cramping and imprisoning effects they exert upon the individual, making him largely a machine, a *local machine*, ineffective and unavailable for the larger purposes of the nation; and, still worse, no intelligent citizen and coöperator in the national reforms and ideal aims of his country.

Nationality and internationality are not opposed notions. The one involves the other: and without the one, the other is meaningless. Nor do I think that, educationally, a hard-and-fast line can be drawn as to the order of teaching national and international topics. Signor Croce maintains that all history is contemporaneous history. The fact is that some are always

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teaching and learning about things which to others are 'far away' in space and time, but which, if brought within the range and survey of the active mind, become mentally near. Thus, as regards our religion, the subject-matter of Christianity is dated back over 1900 years in time, and as far away as Palestine, yet our very cathedrals and churches are no nearer to our physical vision than the ideas for which they stand are to the interpretative activity of the inward mental or spiritual vision. The local and the universal thus proceed side by side to find a place in the contents of the growing mind. Child observers, like Wordsworth, J. H. Shorthouse, and W. H. Pater, not to insist on Tolstoi, credit the child with glimpses of recognition of the universal, often rather obscured by later acquisitions, when the

> Shades of the prison-house begin to close
> Around the growing boy.

Very often the differentiation of his immediate environment from all other environments works in upon his mind much more readily from instruction than from his own suggestion. It is of the first importance, in acquiring the knowledge of what is at hand, and what is regarded as ascertained knowledge, that the childlike sense of wonder at the unknown, and curiosity at the idea of *the distant* should not be lost. It is an extraordinary fact, and one which reveals our educational tendencies, that we introduce the microscope into the school for individual use so as to accustom the pupil mind to the contemplation of the minutely small in our environment, but only very rarely, indeed, in school, college, or even university, do we lay stress on the long range, the wonderfully far distant, by encouraging the use of the telescope. This fact is not without its significance on the spiritual side. Recent education has not concerned itself with the realization in thought, of things far removed. When it has done so, it has often been condemned for attention to things that 'do not matter.' Thus the study of the classics in England is deprecated, not because of the defects in the methods of teaching (for which there have been just causes of complaint), but because they are 'unpractical,' that is, have no immediate local or temporary value. That they may have value on account of the very self-estrangement from the present and the near which they demand, is only partially considered. But this short-sighted, materialistic attitude toward the classics throws light on the national psychology of Great Britain. The educational studies in the schools are casual, not organic.

The insular position of Great Britain and its consequent isolation from the main current of European communications explains, to some extent, its lack of international outlook in education. In fact, Great Britain has not yet seriously contemplated the problem even of *imperial* education. So far, she has confined herself to national 'island education' if we may so call it. The vast significance of the colonial empire of Great Britain is beginning to dawn on the ordinary Englishman, but it has not yet secured a place in the plan of British national education. It is, of course, from no ill-will to the colonies, who have now become almost 'countries' or 'nations' of themselves. It is not even from any slackening in the bonds of affection between the mother and daughter countries. It is from that sheer 'inertia' which deprives the mind of vision. It will not stir, till some 'necessity is laid upon it.'

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THE PROBLEMS OF ENGLAND

BY RIGHT HONORABLE DAVID LLOYD GEORGE

I PROPOSE, with the leave of the House, to review the trade and industrial position of this country. The country which I have to make a survey of is so very wide and so sweeping that it would be impossible in the picture to do anything beyond noting the broader aspects of the landscape. I have received so many suggestions as to what I should say and as to the problems with which I should deal, that I don't know of any minister who has ever been more kindly treated in that respect. I am afraid it would be quite impossible for me to make any declarations in regard to some of the questions which I am abou to speak upon. I only propose to deal with the trade and with the industrial position, which will include a review of the coal mining industry in this country and certain proposals which have been made in respect of them.

There are certain advantages in making a review now rather than at an earlier period in the year. Early in the year there was a good deal of obscurity and there were a great many uncertainties in the situation — uncertainties that have been cleared up since then. During the time that I was at the Peace Conference I had the privilege of meeting a good many experts from many lands and of debating and discussing with them the whole of the industrial position throughout the world. Now, when I recall some of the things that they predicted, I can see that not even the acutest among them foresaw exactly the course events would take. There are many things they feared which have never occurred, many apprehensions which have been dispelled by events. On the other hand, there are many circumstances to which they did not attach importance, which events have shown to be of a magnitude all governments must take note of. Both on the bright and on the gloomy side, I cannot say that any expert could, or, at any rate, did, accurately forecast the course of events six months ago. That is one advantage.

The other advantage is that I am making a statement on behalf of the government on the eve of the adjournment, and I propose, in reviewing the position, to place before the House and country a series of suggestions and proposals which the government have formulated to deal with many of the difficulties which have arisen. They are put forward with a view to discussion, and to enabling members to consult their constituents and others who have a first-hand knowledge of the business complexities of this and other countries, and to enable them to come back to assist the government in the improvement of those suggestions, in the elimination of any which may appear unsuitable, and in the strengthening of others which they may think inadequate to meet the situation. All I am going to ask at this stage is that everybody realizing the gravity of the position will give a fair and impartial consideration to the suggestions put forward, realizing that the future of the land depends on the way in which Parliament attempts to grapple

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with these difficulties. I am afraid I shall be disappointing. I notice to-day one egregious journalist, who has been pursuing a kind of Corsican vendetta, publishes columns of denunciation of a speech which has never heen delivered, and of proposals which have never yet been put before the country.

If that is the spirit in which these proposals are to be considered, I really despair of our ever properly approaching these problems, which involve the prosperity and life of this country. Let all personal matters be set aside when we are dealing with matters of this kind, and remember this is our common country and do our best to help. Before I begin a closer examination of the trade and industry of the country, I should like to say one word about those who seem to have expected that the moment the war was over we should instantly return to normal — nay, more than that, that things should be better than they were before the war. Everything was to leap back to normal again — finance normal, trade normal, industries normal, production normal, labor normal. No man who imagined that can have realized for a moment the magnitude of the disturbing events of the last five years, and certainly can never have read the lessons. I would remind those who take such a view of what really happened, that if a house is shaken or demolished you may build a better structure instead, but it does not leap out of the ground like an Aladdin's Palace on the rubbing of the lamp. You have got to build it. The aggregate direct cost of the war was £40,000,000,000. If 40,000,000 able-bodied young men were to take holiday and be withdrawn from the task of production for four years, and if during that period £1,000 were placed at the disposal of each, you would have some sort of notion what a war on this gigantic scale means. You could not expect that at the end of these four years everything would be the same.

You must expect that the difficulties that arose in consequence would take some time to get over. What are the difficulties that arose immediately on the cessation of war? First of all, the change from war to peace conditions. I remember as Minister of Munitions how long it took the industries of this country to change from peace to war. It will take just as long to adapt the machinery of this country to peace conditions. There was a widespread doubt as to prices, and an expectation that there would be a great fall in prices, except in iron and steel. Everybody anticipated that the withdrawal of the subsidy would result in increased prices. There is nothing more paralyzing to trade than doubt. Contractors were shy, and even shuddered at orders. Orders were even shyer. No one quite knew what was going to happen in respect of prices, and that had a very paralyzing effect on business. There was a shortage of labor owing to the fact that demobilization took time. There was a shortage of material. There were great transport difficulties and a great accumulation of stores of manufactured goods in foreign countries, which, on the signature of peace, would be rushed into this country and depress prices. The government imposed a certain number of restrictions on imports by orders terminating on September 1. That gave security at any rate up to September 1. Manufacturers could deal in goods without the fear of this great inrush of accumulated stocks coming into the country. Then the supply of labor considerably improved. From the three services, the navy, the army,

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and the air force, 3,600,000 men have already been demobilized. Out of that enormous mass of able-bodied men there are only 350,000 who have not been absorbed in industry. My right honorable friends who were in charge of that matter are very much to be congratulated on the successful way in which that very difficult problem has been dealt with.

Trade steadily improved. But we have still our worst troubles to face. Let us have the facts with regard to those troubles, because unless we realize what the facts are, it will be impossible either to propose remedies, or to consider remedies. Let us face them without any fear. May I also appeal that we should face them without any consideration of how it will affect opinions already formed. The first thing is to get at the facts as they are. Do not let us say, 'I cannot accept that fact because if I do it will alter my opinion.' Let us begin with the facts. The first fact is this — and I am not sure that the conclusions that will be drawn will suit any particular school of thought. I cannot help that. The first outstanding fact is the alarming adverse trade balance. Before the war we had the greatest international trade in the world. Looking at the size of the country, at its configuration, and at its resources, it is a country that must necessarily depend upon international trade. Look at the export of manufactured goods before the war. We sold £9 per head of the population of the United Kingdom; Germany sold £5 10*s*. per head; France, £4 4*s*. per head, and the United States, £2 10*s*. per head. If you add to that the carriage rate, insurance, commission, banking, all the international services which we rendered in an exceptional degree, what do we find?

That shows the extent of our international trade. We cannot prosper, we cannot even exist, without recovering that trade and without increasing it. How do we stand? Before the war our imports exceeded our exports by £150,000,000. In January our exports were £47,000,000, and in July they were £65,000,000, but our imports, less reëxports, in July were £141,000,000. If that were the rate maintained, instead of an adverse balance of £150,000,000, we should have an adverse balance of £1,000,000,000. But take the average throughout the year. There were reasons for July. I am sorry to say they were largely labor troubles. The adverse balance, unless there is a great improvement, will be between £700,000,000 and £800,000,000. That is our adverse balance. Before the war it was £150,000,000. Our adverse balance at the present time — and I must get this fact home to everyone in the United Kingdom — is nearly £800,000,000. We had invisible exports of £350,000,000. We had a balance on that account of £200,000,000 in our favor. What happened to that? We re-invested it almost every year, with the result that the indebtedness of the world to us was increasing rapidly every year, more especially in the last seven or eight years before the war. What has happened since the war? We have sold £1,000,000,000 of our foreign securities to pay for war material for ourselves and the Allies. We borrowed probably another £1,200,000,000 from America more particularly and from Canada for the same purpose. It is perfectly true that the Allies owe us something like £1,800,000,000 in round figures. That includes Russia. We are debtors to the West, but we are creditors to the East. The rising sun is our debtor; the sunset is our creditor, and, as Russia is included in the first, I am

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afraid that the stocks of the dawn are not particularly good securities.

As far as the receipts are concerned from our foreign investments, we are down £100,000,000. We have got to pay an adverse balance of trade of £800,000,000. We must bridge that chasm, for at the bottom is ruin. We are building a temporary bridge now by borrowing — not by state borrowing — by traders borrowing, and by running into debt for raw materials and for goods. That will only add to the catastrophe — for you are advancing farther on the bridge, which is a shaking one, and you are advancing with increasing weight along it. That is the position with regard to international trade. I have given the figures with regard to our adverse trade balance.

We now come to another figure — our national indebtedness. It is another disquieting feature. Before the war our national debt was £645,000,000, and we were disturbed by it. Our interest on sinking fund was £24,500,000. To-day our national debt is £7,800,000,000. As against that we have an indebtedness of our Allies and Dominions and India of over £1,800,000,000 but the interest and sinking fund amounts to £400,000,000. That is our debt. Instead of costing us £24,000,000, it will involve an annual charge of £400,000,000. Take the army and navy. For the purpose of this statement and review of the position I want everyone to assume that you have got the army and navy down to the lowest figure any sane person can estimate. Assume that for a moment the pay is considerable and is trebled, and that the cost of material is doubled. Wherever you cut down within the limits of safety, the costs must be enormously increased. Before the war it was £80,000,000. There is another factor I must refer to. There is public expenditure, but there is not nearly as much said about private expenditure. In the aggregate it is much more — it is a more formidable figure. I say nothing of the expenditure due to a rational lifting of the standard of living — not a word.

There seems a temptation to rush to prodigality. To me this condition of an adverse trade balance is alarming. An increased expenditure is inevitable, apart altogether from any criticism against this department or another — pensions, sinking fund interest on debt. There is but one resource. There is but one way of meeting it and that is by increase of production. What are the facts there? There is almost a sensational decrease of output. The output is less than ever, and that is true of every branch of production except agriculture, where you have an increase since the war. I have made inquiry in every direction. The output has sensibly diminished in every branch. We are spending more; we are earning less. We are consuming more; we are producing less. Those are the facts, and it cannot last. Take coal. It enters into everything — almost every form of production, every manufacture, iron and steel, textiles, shipping. In coal you have the most alarming reduction and there can be no more serious blow at business, trade, and industry in this country than diminution of the output of coal.

Our trade depends more on coal than any other commodity. It fetches and carries. It goes to the ship, fetches the goods, carries them back, and pays for them. Food and raw material — coal fetches them and coal pays for them. When you go out to the Argentine to fetch wheat for bread you pay largely for it with coal. Where there is a diminution in coal, it means food must go up in price, and raw materials must go up in price. It

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means our shipping will be hit; every industry will be hit; international trade will be ruined. There can be no more serious fact in the whole of our international trade than the depression of the output of coal. Before the war there were produced in this country 287,000,000 tons per annum, and at the present rate there will be produced 200,000,000 tons. That is a diminution of 87,000,000 tons per annum in the output of coal. I believe that last year the production was 220,000,000 tons. That is not due to the fact that you have fewer men engaged in the coal business than in 1914. On the contrary, you had 1,110,000 in 1914, and there are 1,141,000 engaged in the same industry now. With regard to price, there has been an increase which is most disconcerting to all those who are engaged in any industry which depends largely on coal. A ton of coal raised in 1913 cost 10*s*. at the pit head; on July 16 it cost 26*s*. The fact is we are not producing or handling as much per man as we were producing on August 4, 1914. This reduction in output is the outstanding feature of the moment and one which gives the greatest anxiety and apprehension. Unless by concerted effort it is removed the future is indeed dark. It is partly responsible for the abnormal high prices, which are the inevitable outcome where the supply is less than the demand, and it handicaps us in competition with other countries where production is greater and cheaper. I have had reports recently from the United States of America, where wages are higher and the hours of labor are no longer. The labor costs there in proportion to the articles produced are less than here. If that is the case, then competition is impossible between the two countries. Let me say at once no tariff will ever remedy that. I should like to say a word about the effect on the exchanges. Unless you pay the adverse balance by means of goods it must have the effect of depreciating the purchasing power of your coin. At the present moment in the United States the British sovereign is worth less than 17*s*. 6*d*. That is due to the fact that we are not paying for the goods we are getting, either food or raw material, by goods we are producing here, and what makes it more serious is the fact that we are importing at the present moment almost exclusively food and raw material.

The adverse balance of trade must be reduced if we are to keep our place as a great and prosperous community. The critical feature of the moment, I am sorry to say, is that we are not paying our way. That is the most serious statement you can make to a business man. It is the most serious statement you can make to a country. I am bound to make it. We shall never reduce that balance until we increase production in this country, and if we do not do so now we shall be driven by the stern scourge of events later on either to increase production or to reduce lower than ever the standard of living in this country. I can see no other alternative except to leave the country we fought for, that the people fought for so grandly for four years. This is not the time to leave it. Now, let me examine the reasons for diminished production, because unless you get to the causes of diminished production you cannot find the remedy. The first is one which I am glad to see is vanishing, or almost vanishing, that is, the change from war to peace conditions. Machinery is being adapted to that purpose, and I do not think this at this moment is a cause of even a perceptible percentage of non-production. All this machinery had to be

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repaired and cleaned. It had been run during the war to the utmost limit. There was no time to renew, and hardly time to repair it. That is the process which has been going on for the last three months, and it has been slowed down very considerably owing to the lack of labor. If all this is the case, let us talk quite frankly about it. We must talk frankly and face the real facts. When a country comes to this condition we must talk frankly about it. Everybody is suffering from the terrible strain of the war. Everybody's nerves are jagged and sore. I am not quite sure we are making sufficient allowance for this. There is no surer sign of that than the general tendency to grunt and grouse about everything. Everybody is complaining, some about their managers in business, and Trades Unionists about their leaders.

I agree they may complain even of governments, and they complain of the exacting order of things. They complain of profits and of men who do not throw in their full weight when they are hardest pressed. But gradually we shall pass away from that mood if we exercise common sense and forbearance — forbearance not merely on the part of the grumblers, but on the part of those who have grumbled less. If they have the good sense, the humor to appreciate the situation, not to get upset, to realize that it is the sort of passing mood which you get on board a ship — when you have had a week's seasickness, during which everybody grumbles — it will pass away, but we must exercise forbearance. Most will have forgotten their troubles, and there will be only a wretched few who will always be disappointed that they were unable to take advantage of the situation either to upset the government or to upset the existing order of things. But all that will pass away. It is prevalent throughout the world. It is not merely here. It is in France, in Germany, and to a less extent you get it in the United States of America. The world is suffering from shell-shock on a great scale. The habitude of industry has not been altogether recovered. We don't make quite enough allowance for that. Men have been living a different kind of life during the past two, three, and four years, and it is not easy to get them into a frame of mind to stand by a machine for eight or nine hours per day. But I wish that that was all.

It is true that hours of labor have also been reduced. One of the arguments in favor of the reduction of the hours of labor I have heard in this House for the last twenty or thirty years was that you would not reduce production and that, on the contrary, you might increase production. I have heard it many a time when I used to vote for the Eight-Hour Bill for miners. I heard it on the Seven-Hour Bill, and I have heard it whenever there was any discussion on hours, but, unfortunately, the fact is that although there has been a substantial reduction in the hours of labor, you have had a reduction in output which is almost in mathematical proportion to the diminution in hours. Effort has got to be quickened, tightened.

Employers, managers, foremen, and workmen, must put their backs into it. One reason why labor is being induced to lend countenance to that policy is one which is creditable to its intentions and its desires. It is due to the fallacy that the less you work the more work there will be for others. There never was a more fatal fallacy. You have only to look at the coal trade. The reduction in the output of coal is depriving people of employment. If it goes on it will throw hundreds of thousands out of employment in this country. Deliberately to reduce the

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output means in the end all-around unemployment on a gigantic scale. It is difficult for those who represent labor to speak. I know the courage of my honorable friends, and I know they will do so, and they will realize it is a very dangerous policy and a disastrous one to labor. The price of food will go up. The cost of material will go up. You will not get raw material for the country. There will be no work for those who manipulate it, transform it, and transfigure it into the beautiful things into which British hands can transfigure any material. There will be no work. It is a disastrous policy for all classes. That is why I appeal to employers and to workmen to get rid of this ruinous fallacy that seems to sway the minds of hundreds of thousands at the present moment.

There are other causes. There are other causes which are contributing. One is the block on the railways and at the docks. One reason is that railways are not in perfect repair — locomotives and wagons are not being kept in repair, and cranes are out of repair. The nation while fighting for its life was too busy to attend to them. We ought to increase the number of wagons. Thousands and tens of thousands of locomotives and wagons were sent to France. Many of them were destroyed and many of them are still there engaged in clearing up the country and for the Army of Occupation. The result is a block on the railways and at the docks. Traders are also partly responsible. It strikes me that in the end I won't have a friend left. I have had something to say to labor, to employers, to managers, and now I have to say something to the trader. The trader is not discharging the goods and cargo in his wagons as rapidly as he ought to do. He is using the wagon more than ever as a warehouse on wheels; he is sending along small packages instead of filling the wagon to its full capacity, so that while you have the wagons and locomotives of the country reduced in number you have only two thirds capacity for the rest. There is no doubt at all that coastwise traffic is not being used to the extent it ought to be.

I think I have dealt with the causes of reduction in output, and now I am coming to the remedy. I have dealt with the change from war to peace work, and with the repair and renewal of plant. The block on the railways will be dealt with under the Transport Act, the minister for which, in order to deal effectively with the matter, must have the assistance of everybody — the trader, the official of railways and docks, and of the general public. With regard to war weariness and the exhaustion that comes from strain, that can only be cured by the efforts of the people themselves, of all classes. There is no recovery without conscious effort on the part of the patient himself. People must be taught to realize how vital to the nation and to themselves is production. I am going to make an appeal to all those who have got the ear of the public, whether in the press or on the platform, to bring home the vital importance of all these questions to the minds of the people of every grade. Unless they realize how essential all these things are to the interests of the nation and to their own interests, I do not believe it will be possible to get all classes to pull themselves together. It can be done. I have seen it in the war. The people had only to be convinced and persuaded of what was necessary, and they did it. That is true of every rank of life. The same thing applies to the present moment. All these facts have got to be brought home to every man in the country in order to enable him to shake off this fatal lethargy, this slackness of production.

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But we must do more than that. Labor demands an understanding, and I think the nation must come to an understanding. Labor claims that it is not holding up society, and says it does not believe in direct action. I think that is true of the bulk of the working classes. But labor also says, 'We will not work more than anybody else; we cannot work with a will unless the conditions of our work are fair and satisfactory.' The advice I have to give to all those who are concerned in the future of British industry — and we all are — is to look that in the face, and examine it, and see what there is in it. Examine it in no spirit of challenge or resentment, but in the spirit of justice and fair play, and in that new spirit of comradeship which has been created by the war. Let us examine the claims, the grievances, the complaints of labor in that new spirit. Until that is done, and until a satisfactory answer is given, I do not believe you will get a real answer to the problem of production. I make the appeal not merely to employers, but to labor as well. I ask the employers to examine the claims of labor in the new spirit, and I ask labor to press its claims in the same spirit. Then I think an understanding will be arrived at.

Let us demonstrate to the world once more that Britain, beyond all, has the traditional power of reaching a solution of her most baffling problems without resort to anarchy, merely by appealing to the common sense and the innate spirit of fair play.

The Morning Post

THE RIDGE

BY WILFRID WILSON GIBSON

HERE on the ridge where the shrill northeaster trails
  Low clouds along the snow,
And in a streaming, moonlit vapor veils
  The peopled world below,

Let me, O Life, a little while forget
  The horror of past years —
Man and his agony and bloody sweat,
  The terror and the tears;

And struggle only in the mist and snow
  Against the hateless wind,
Till, scourged and shriven, I again may go
  To dwell among my kind.

To-day

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TALK OF EUROPE

THE following review of a new French book on the American army recently appeared in the London *Times:*

'*L'Armée Américaine dans le Conflit Européen.* By Lieutenant-Colonel de Chambrun et Capitaine de Marenches. Paris: Payot. 10*f.*

'There is no preface to this book and no indication of its authority, except that its 414 pages are closely packed with facts and statistics which could only be known through official sources, and that it is common knowledge that Lieutenant-Colonel de Chambrun, one of the authors, was a member of M. Viviani's Mission to the United States, and always in close touch with American G.H.Q. It is a most valuable record of the American Army in Europe, from its formation until its march to the Rhine, and makes us wish that there was a similar work on the British Army. Even now the public has little idea of what was accomplished in the theatres of war except the fighting, and largely imagine that everything else was done by the home authorities.

'After a short account of conscription, the organization of the staff, the establishments of the units, and the construction of camps of reception, the authors give an illuminating sketch of the formation of the schools of instruction in France and the methods of training. There was no talk of "the bomb and bayonet are the weapons of the infantry"; the keynote was, "N'attachez pas trop d'importance au combat dans les tranchées; perfectionnez votre tir; usez de l'arme blanche; avez confiance dans votre fusil." Besides the divisional and corps schools, nineteen army schools were created, beginning with a staff college, an "information centre" for general officers, and a school for field officers, and including schools for all arms and every kind of specialist — tank, gas, etc. The first batch of instructors was taught by foreign experts, French and British, and then they instructed others. As with us, instruction in France proved more successful than that given in the home territory. The organization and development of the lines of communication provide perhaps the most fascinating chapters. The initial work done included the construction of two ports (at Saint Nazaire-Nantes and Bordeaux-Bassens), innumerable workshops, warehouses, camps, hospitals, and sidings, but, "contrary to the legend current with the public, the Americans did not have to construct in France any important railway." Four posts were used in America: New York, Newport News, Baltimore, and Philadelphia; Le Havre, Brest, La Palice, and Marseilles, besides the two specially constructed ones, were used in France; the railways from them all converged on the area Neufchateau-Chaumont-Is sur Tille.

'Details of the six phases in which the troops were sent over, each including a proportion of fighting and line of communication units, are given, and complete orders of battle up to December 1, 1918, with the names of all generals, senior staff officers, and regimental commanders. It is interesting to see again some of the historic names of the Civil War — Grant, Lee, Sherman, Armistead, Heintzelman, Ruggles, Upton, van Horn, and Wheeler. On December 1, 1918, the Expeditionary Force in France consisted of three armies, nine corps, 31 divisions. No cavalry units came to France. The total number of men transported to Europe was 2,080,000, and "aucun transport Américain ne fut coulé au cours de la traversée des Etats-Unis en France." There is a long chapter of 60 pages on the organization and workings of the great departments and services — artillery, engineers, tanks, signals, Chief Quartermaster, ordnance, etc.; and a shorter one on the assistance rendered by the various societies — Red Cross, Y.M.C.A., American Library Association, Salvation Army, and so on.

'The operations of the American forces, including those in secondary theatres, take

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up seven chapters, illustrated by sketch maps. The book should be of interest to the general reader and valuable to the military student. We had many advantages over the Americans in building up our armies and our experience gradually; the language difficulty in France was a far greater handicap to them than to ourselves; their French instructors often puzzled them, and, as an American colonel said, "When we ask for a bar-rage (pronounce as two words) they don't understand what we mean." Eventually British practice certainly prevailed in many matters.'

THE meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science at Bournemouth, which came to an end recently derived particular interest from the amount of attention devoted to the important part played by science in the life of the nation at large. Much was said as to the services rendered by science in the war. Professor A. Gray, the president of the section dealing with Mathematical and Physical Science (who, it may be noted, was Lord Kelvin's successor at Glasgow), laid emphasis on the difficulties placed in the way of the scientists, who were working for the success of British arms, by the ignorance and prejudices of British leaders, both in the field and in politics, and gave astonishing examples of what was done by generals 'with a confidence born of blank ignorance.' He expressed the opinion that the War Office still needed the coming of a cleansing Hercules. Sir Charles Parsons, in his presidential address to the association, dealt more gently with the authorities, confining himself, when speaking of the war work of science, to a description of the main researches and their applications carried out in connection with the struggle. Turning to the future, he insisted on the importance of coal as a national asset and the need for economy (a topic handled by Sir William Ramsay in his presidential address in 1912), and also pointed out how poor we are in water power as compared with other countries. He drew attention to the existence of other natural sources of energy, and instanced the fact that in Italy at Lardarello and elsewhere, boreholes have been sunk which have tapped a natural supply of high-pressure steam, utilized to drive turbines. Perhaps the most sensational point of his address was his suggestion that a shaft twelve miles deep should be sunk in Great Britain, with the object of obtaining further knowledge of the earth's crust.

STEEL RAILS

She sailed out o' Sunderland with a cargo o' rails—
She sailed out o' Sunderland all among the March gales;
With a cargo o' steel rails toward the Baltic she bore,
An' she 'll sail out o' Sunderland with steel rails no more!

An' no one 'll tell us, for no one 'll know,
If she went at last sudden, or if she went slow,
But for all that we don't know, oh, this much is sure,
She 'll sail out o' Sunderland with steel rails no more.

An' the ships out o' Sunderland, they will put forth again
Bearing up for the Baltic in the wind an' the rain,
In the wind an' the weather when the March gales do roar —
But she 'll sail out o' Sunderland with steel rails no more.

An' one lot o' steel rails, oh, it 's just like another,
But there 's no lad the same as her own to his mother —
No lad in the world like the one that she bore—
An' he 'll sail out o' Sunderland with steel rails no more!

C. Fox Smith

To the Editor of the Daily Telegraph:

SIR: The letter of Major the Marquis de Bucy printed in your issue of yesterday very opportunely raises this most important question. The facts he presents regarding national physical unfitness and the loss of many of the best of the race afford food for grave thought, and emphasize the urgent necessity for the systematic training of young men with a view to increasing

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their physique and stamina, and counteracting the 'softening' and debilitating effect of the very common forms of recreation instanced by your correspondent, such as the unhealthy and (in many cases) intellect-destroying picture palace, to which so much of youthful leisure is devoted, and which results mainly in benefiting aliens and taking money out of the country.

But in looking round for a unifying system to bring about the desirable end, surely the Marquis has overlooked an organization already in existence, and which has been doing exactly the work for which he pleads, and can continue to do it equally well or better than any new body that can be brought into being. I refer to the Cadet Administration, which, acting through the Territorial Force Associations, controls the very large number of cadet battalions throughout the country, providing physical training for thousands of boys and young men, and which arrange inter-corps contests on defined and coördinated lines of training — the very principle for which your correspondent contends; and coupled with this there is training of eye and hand by means of miniature rifle shooting, signaling, etc., and in those cases where specialized training is included — as in my own corps — the addition of such useful knowledge as map-reading, handiness in the use of tools, and constructional work is gained.

Historical precedent may well be sought by those who arrange for the physical training of youth. He is not a sportsman who merely spends his leisure in swelling the throng which congregates to see a score of paid players kick a ball about. This form of 'sport' is largely responsible for the 'C 3' category which your correspondent deplores. In the centuries during which the foundations were laid and the British Empire built up, games were played and sports arranged in which all could take part, and the contests were such as developed those qualities and abilities which caused the Briton to be respected wherever he went. The archers who won Crécy were trained on the village greens of old England in evening and Saturday afternoon contests, which formed the ordinary sports of the people.

The cadet organization properly handled would give a healthier, manlier manhood, cleaner and more self-reliant, capable, withal, of a well-balanced judgment, and which would attain its own by natural selection, putting all Bolshevist and other traitorous agitators — whose opportunities lie in ill-balanced and uninformed minds — in their proper place, and thus make our homeland happier and more prosperous for all classes *mens sana in corpore sano*, once more. When their usefulness is more widely known cadet corps will receive greater recognition, by which their membership will be increased and their powers for good extended by greater financial assistance and encouragement from the country. I am, Sir, faithfully yours,

Harry G. Assiter, F.S.I.

The Guildhall, London, September 3.

In the student's magazine, issued at Cambridge University, recently appeared the following quatrain.

REVOLT

Like old Prometheus's vitals, daily vultured,
My mind grows, complex: sometimes a deep-sheathed
Small cell, from some cave-ancestor bequeathed,
Twinges, as it 's unmercifully cultured.

H. de G. S.

Fears are being expressed that, unless definite steps are taken to check indiscriminate advertising, the beauty of the great waterway of the Thames at night may again be defaced by flashing signs of whiskeys, beers, and pills. At present it is very doubtful whether the measures that have been passed are sufficient to prevent them. The shortage of coal rather than any love for the amenities of the river may stay for a while the discordant ways of daring advertisers, but if one sign should begin to flash again, others, it is argued, are bound to follow, for the instinct of imitation in business is certain to manifest itself, and the banks of the river may at any time become a blaze of fearful lights.

The chairman of the committee of the Scapa Society, Mr. Richardson Evans, pointed out that while local regulations are general against sky signs, there are at present no definite rules against illuminated

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advertisements on the towers, minarets, and buildings on the banks of the river. 'It is true,' he said, 'that the Advertisements Regulation Act, which was promoted by the society, enables local authorities to frame by-laws to prevent advertisements that impair the natural beauty of the landscape or the amenities of pleasure promenades and public parks, and that the Thames Embankment may be considered a pleasure promenade. But you can hardly trust borough councils on one side of the river to act on behalf of persons on the other side. The illuminated signs may be, as in the past, in the boroughs of Lambeth or Southwark, while the people mostly concerned in protesting against them are in the Strand boroughs or the City of Westminster. For this reason the London County Council was right in asking Parliament to make them the authority for the metropolis. Our amending bill, which will be pressed forward next session, specifically empowers local authorities to make by-laws "for prohibiting advertisements constructed of moving parts or illuminated by flash or changing lights."'

A DIFFICULTY has arisen in the administration of Syria which, like many another, is largely due to delay on the part of the Paris Conference, and has evoked some needless wild writing. It is a difficulty which should certainly not be allowed to arouse needless feeling, for it is certain that with good will on the part of the interested parties it ought to be settled amicably, and it is, therefore, welcome news that Field Marshal Allenby's visit is concerned with the method in which such a settlement may be effected. The matter has been precipitated by the rearrest at Beirut by the British of Emir Said, a spy and agent of the Turks, who owed his life to the amnesty granted by the Arab Prince Feisul, and whose only return was two attempts at rebellion. To this arrest the French papers have objected, declaring that the consent of their Commissioner should have been asked, and they accuse Great Britain of acting against their interests in Syria, although by the Sykes-Picot secret agreement of 1916 the British had pledged themselves to leave Syria as a sphere of French influence, an agreement which is contrary to one made by them in the previous year with the King of the Hedjaz. The British have, therefore, to combine their pledges to the Arabs on the one hand with those made on the other to the French. France has traditional interests in Syria and desires to have a mandate there similar to that the British are to have in Mesopotamia. With that desire we are said to be in sympathy, and Field Marshal Allenby is also said to favor it. While some of the French papers have spoken strongly and even heatedly on the matter, the *Journal des Débats* has treated it more guardedly and has thus succinctly described the situation: 'England has recognized that Syria was a field reserved for French influence, direct on the littoral, and in the interior exercised through the intermediary of one or more Arab states to whom France alone would supply counselors and means. France, on her part, recognized an identical situation so far as England is concerned in Mesopotamia. But when General Allenby occupied the country in 1918 only a small French authority was allowed to be established on the littoral, while in the interior the establishment of a Shereefian power was favored which was far from well disposed toward France.' Even though engagements had been previously entered into by England with the Arabs, the *Débats* thinks that that difficulty could be got over by her giving up aiding the Arab state of Damascus and handing over that duty to France. To all this we may add that the correspondent of the *Times* in the Middle East points out that while the Christians in Syria 'quite definitely prefer the French to ourselves' as their protectors, the overwhelming majority of the Mussulmans demand 'the British, or better still, and as a new idea, some more remote power, such as America.'

THE GEDDES BROTHERS

THERE are no stars in all the sky
Outshine the blest Dioscuri;
Castor and Pollux, sons of Zeus
Immortal, and by common use —
  Called patrons of seafaring men,
  Who lamp their radiance back again.

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As none in heaven can match their worth
So is it with two men here on earth;
Still two great brethren we implore
To guide our helm in peace or war:
  For there is none alive whose bread is
  More buttered than the brothers Geddes.

Not very long ago they came
To wealth, emolument, and fame;
While the sea rolls o'er British ships,
And all our sun is in eclipse,
  And England hardly seems alive,
  Quite suddenly the pair arrive.

Five years since, men who know aver,
One was a Railway Manager,
The other an A tatomist,
Till in a trice, ere any wist,
  They outstripped all their fighting pals
  As generals or admirals.

'Or' say I, for alternately
They 've governed us by land and sea,
And ever dressed themselves anew
In khaki and in navy blue,
  Enrolled recruits — laid railway tracks.
  (Meanwhile their sister ran the Waacs.)

Now Whitehall, very sore afraid,
Sees Auckland at the Board of Trade;
Where while he guards his secret box
Canals, roads, rivers, railways, docks,
  Tubes, omnibuses, charabancs,
  Eric accepts with grateful thanks.

But there are other stars as well
Of which I have no time to tell;
The Harmsworths, likewise sons of Heaven,
In number are not two, but seven;
  A Pleiad constellation form
  And keep each other bright and warm.

Also two Samuels there are
But one of them 's a fallen star;
A vast co ıtractual obligation
Divides his loyalty with the nation:
  So now in Warsaw he renews
  The ties that bind us to our Jews.

C. K. S. M.

From the *New Witness*

Following the lead of their American confrères, the physicians of England have begun to raise their fees. From the London *Morning Post* comes the following column of comment:

'Medical attention costs more than it did in many places, and the indications are that before long it will cost more in all places. The general practitioners of New York set the lead some months ago by doubling their prices — from one dollar to two dollars per visit in the poorer districts, and fro[illegible] two dollars to four in those frequented by the middle classes.

'The increase in England has been more moderate, and more timid. While some consultants have raised their fees from two guineas to four, and some suburban practitioners have increased theirs from 5*s.* to 7*s.* 6*d.* a visit, the general body of family doctors have kept their charges at the old pre-war figure. It is doubtful whether this modest consideration will last much longer. As the general practitioners of Eastbourne have decided to raise their fees by 50 per cent all round, and as doctors in other towns are talking of combined action with the same object, the chances would seem to be that doctoring will cost us more.

'Why? This question was put to a practitioner recently. His reply was the obvious one — it costs him more to practise than it did, and it costs him more to live, and if his business be that of keeping other people alive he must have the means of keeping alive himself. "It is," he said "as simple as the rule of three. Doctors are no more immune from economic laws than anybody else. If a patient says that his pound-note is only worth 10*s.* or 11*s.*, how can that patient say that it is worth any more to the doctor whom he consults? House rent, and rates, and butchers' bills and bakers' bills, and servants' wages have gone up just as much in the case of the doctor as in the case of his patients. A consultant requires a trained nurse, and she wants 50 per cent more wages than she did. Railway fares have gone up by 50 per cent. A motor car costs pretty well twice as much as it did before the war — and many practitioners would find it impossible to get through their work without a car.

'Drugs have increased enormously in price. Some are unprocurable. Surgical instruments cost half as much again as they

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did, and surgical instruments do not last forever. It is true that the doctor has escaped from the tyranny of the silk hat and the frock coat. Very few doctors wear either nowadays. The khaki régime seems to have altered all that. In the country a doctor is now apt to wear a sport jacket and an Alpine hat, and even the honorary physicians of the big London hospitals now go there wearing lounge suits and bowlers. That is a sign of changing fashions, based on a revolution of social life. But it does not come any cheaper to the doctor than the silk hat and the frock coat did before the war. In fact, they cost him more.

'All over the country doctors see that, if they want to keep their heads above water, and to make that provision for declining years which is justified by the amount spent on their education in youth, they must raise their own wages just as their patients have done. Take the mining valleys of South Wales, in which the miners, by forming medical clubs, have brought their wives and families within the practice of the panel doctor. It is true that in some cases the weekly subscription to the medical societies has gone up by a trifle during the war. But it has not gone up by more than will bring the average panel doctor's income above £500 or £600 a year. That is not enough, considering what was spent on teaching him to be a doctor, and on what it now costs him to live in decency, and to give his patients the attention and the drugs they need.

'"If there is one profession above all others which is justified in raising its fees to make the pound-note worth something like what it used to be, it is the medical profession. What doctors did during the war does not need to be stated. They were glad to do it. Men went out to the front — the best men and the youngest men — and for that service to the country they neither wanted nor do they now want any special reward. Harley-Street consultants, ignoring their private practice, went to the hospitals to do house-surgeons' and house-physicians' work. They had more work to do than ever before — all doctors had, alas! — and they got no special pay for it.

'"Can you wonder to-day that the family doctor, who generally has some war service behind him, is now anxious to enlarge his fees so that he can make both ends meet? As the General Medical Council has taken no steps in the matter, doctors are rapidly coming to the decision to act for themselves."'

TO ALL CUBISTS AND FUTURISTS

THE fault may be mine, I admit it at once,
I 'm an old-fashioned fogey, a Philistine dunce,
But although you may think me an absolute ass,
I am certain that green is the color of grass,
It really is.

The sky might be better if purple and black,
Or a replica, say, of our own Union Jack,
Or striped like a zebra, or covered with spots,
Or, roughly, the tint of unsound apricots,
But it is n't.

The wall of a house, you may take it from me,
Is commonly straight, like the back of a D,
The tower of a church is most usually found
With its base undeniably fixed to the ground,
I assure you it is.

The face of a man may be handsome or plain,
It may look sagacious, it may look inane,
But it never consists of an eyebrow alone,
Or a nose by itself, or a tooth on its own,
Simply never.

I am sure that you live unimpeachable lives,
In respectable homes with adorable wives;
Every one of you may be a God-fearing saint,
You are odious only because you will paint.
Pray don't.

A Wayfarer.

IT is said on good authority that at Drury Lane next spring Sir Thomas Beecham proposes to produce Mr. Isidore de Lara's new opera, *The Three Musketeers*. This opera, quite recently completed, is about to receive its *première* in France, for which purpose its composer has gone to Paris with his score; but it seems to be not

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quite definitely settled whether that *première* shall take place in Paris or in one of the greater provincial opera houses. The book, the authors of which are Messrs. Henri Cain and Payen, is taken from *La Jeunesse des Trois Mousquetaires*. At once, in the first of the five tableaux into which the work is divided, our well-beloved friend D'Artagnan appears, running across the stage brandishing his sword with all his splendid swagger, followed by the groaning Planchet. In the second scene we are at D'Artagnan's house, or, as we should now say, 'upper part,' for the ground floor is occupied by Bonacieux's grocery-haberdashery shop. Planchet is discovered, crouching in front of a trap-door which is the means of communication between the shop and D'Artagnan's dwelling, and lassoing sealed and dusty bottles from the shop. Of these he has already captured three when the curtain rises. In the third tableau we are in the Queen's apartments in the Louvre, the Queen sitting alone reading. Next it is D'Artagnan's guard in a picturesque guard house near by the Pont Neuf, the interior of which is furnished amply with tables and benches, piles of muskets and steel helmets; on the left is a tunnel very much covered with foliage and flowers, so arranged that the inside of the tunnel, where there is a bench, could not be seen from the guard-house. At curtain-rise D'Artagnan goes on guard, musket and helmet in hand. The three immortals, Athos, Porthos, and Aramis, have come to bear him company, Athos seated on a bench, the others playing with dice, while other musketeers are sitting or standing around, and shopmen cry their wares to the passer-by. The whole scene is one of rare animation.

The fifth and final tableau finds us in the port of Portsmouth. On one side is Buckingham's tent, guarded by a sentinel; on the other, a building used as a 'pub' by the sailors; at the back a parapet overlooking the port with its crowded shipping. A very animated scene shows sailors dancing, when Milady arrives.

There you have a rough outline of the scenery, and meet once again those great and glorious people, D'Artagnan, Athos, Porthos, and Aramis, concerning whom it would be something of impertinence to say more at this moment, since their names and their acts are familiar as any household words. But as to the specific acts round which the opera is woven, they must be recounted after the *première*.

THE EDITOR'S NOTE-BOOK

John Stapleton is on the staff of *Everyman*.

* * *

Georges Lenotre is almost the creator of the literary-historical essay, a *genre* which has a wide field in the romantic chronicles of France. M. Lenotre has written several volumes of essays of the type of Cagliostro.

Louis Golding is one of the younger Oxford men who are making their way in journalism.

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Eden Phillpotts, novelist of Dartmoor, playwright and poet, needs no particular introduction to American readers.

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'IN ARTICULO . . .'

BY G. M. HORT

Pain holds the gate. I pray you, hold the gate,
Good Pain, a little longer! Set your face
Still but a while against these troops that come
To make your mounted guard capitulate,
To overthrow you, and to force an end.
You — you alone! — keep me in sense. You brace
And rack into me courage, strength, and speech;
Think me still fit to scheme, fight, plan, beseech,
And heed the strenuous messages you send.
But they — think otherwise. They 'll have me dumb,
At once deep-drugged, deep-drowned, amœba-wise;
With stopped ears, mouth, and eyes.
I, that have still so many things to say,
Doors to unfasten, veils to tear away,
A pact to strike, a pardon to demand —
For God's sake! Make a stand!

Pain leaves the gate. His gorgeous standards red
Dip, fade, like torches in a low-lit pool.
His flaming plume, a windering meteor, sets.
Now, all around, *they* are mustering in his stead,
The pale troops, by their paler Leader led,
The swordless legions who have broken his sword.
Never again shall he hold fast the gate,
Never again shall he keep watch and ward!
And *I*? — What talk was that of things to tell,
Reshape, resolve, amend, before farewell?
All's become nothing! Who need feel or think
Or keep remembrance of what God forgets?
All's become one, since these quiet ranks did close
On me with ruthless hands, so smooth and cool,
With soft implacable chains of opiate.

. . . . . .

Now, unto them my soul, like water, flows.

. . . . . .

They mix it with their wine.— I drink!
—I sink!

The Athenæum

THE TELEGRAM

BY COLIN HURRY

There it lies
In the ring of the lamplight. I touch it. I falter
As though I could alter
One word of it. Swift I surmise
Disaster, and faster
My heart throbs. Ah! vainly
I try to think sanely.
I leave it; I go to and fro,
Doing mutely, minutely
The things I have done ev'ry night,
But the light
Calls me back. It is there;
Do I dare
To unseal it? I feel it,
So thin yet so sinister.
Is this the minister,
Fate, of your choosing, infusing
My veins with a dread
That has stricken sense dead?
I take it. I break it.
My eyes are all blurred,
But a word
Here and there tells me all.
Ah, God, if so small,
If so fragile a thing thus can bring
With it fear such as this,
What abyss
Should we feel if one night
In the light
On the page at our name we should see
'*All things past and to be*'
In Thy book!
Should we look?

The Nation

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